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Filmplay

Journal



*Constance
Talmadge*

Mary Pickford
A Drama-in 3 Acts
-by Herbert Howe-

SID
HYDEMAN

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Filmplay

Vol. I—No. 2

JOURNAL

AUGUST, 1921

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MAY COLLINS

An oil painting of May Collins made especially for FILMPAY JOURNAL by Sid Hydeman. - May, a Goldwyn player of much charm, is reported to be engaged to marry Charles Chaplin

Dix from a Distance

By C. Blythe Sherwood

HOW shall I write this: like Max Beerbohm, Tom Douglas, or Hafiz, the Persian poet? Torn between memories of a fugacious night vaguely passed ten months ago, and the distractions of a sunny morning spent amidst the flowering shelves of a new book-shop, where am I, in the office of FILMPLAY JOURNAL, or out under a eucalyptus tree secluded by a moonless sky? And where, in all this conflict between the excited traffic of Fifth Avenue, and the wraith of a languorous California garden, is my poor subject, the sweet ghost of a distant conversation? Mystic shadows of the white seas, is it? No, just recollections, pale as magnolia, frail as feathers, of a leisurely chat the author was once granted with Richard Dix.

It had been last summer, in Hollywood, when Mr. Dix, released from a hot day's work at the studio, had come to dine at the hotel, and, awaiting the arrival of Miss Mary Miles Minter and her grandmother, we sat outside in the patio—if that is what one calls the shade of a grand and magnificent and startling pepper tree. In my lap were Keats and Ernest Dowson, and in his head were Rudyard Kipling dreams. So the talk browsed lazily into the scented dusk, lazily and promiscuously as the pollen the butterflies dropped on the poppies. We spoke of many things, and that is why, although I can scarcely remember his face (the twilight had already veiled it) and barely, even then, heard his voice, the comments made upon the love of books and travel and theatre have preserved this somnambulistic impression as being charming and intact.

He had gone to school, he said, in Des Moines. It is from there he came. He emerged from High early, and entered or was graduated from college at seventeen. Yes, he had been an apt pupil, quick and vigorous. There was a brother in the family who was a doctor and his father had hopes of his following that, or a similar profession. But a sudden turn of mind, an extreme change of character, sent Richard not to the bar, but behind the bars, and those of a bank. Perhaps it was daddy Dix's counting-house. I don't remember. But little Dix was miserable, for in his heart gnawed the aching suspicion he had been born to tread the Thespian boards.

Under his ledger he hid "Hamlet." "Twenty ducats" was becoming often misconstrued with the twenty dollars some citizens had deposited at Dick's window. It could not go on much longer, what with mistakes, and abstractions, and no interest whatsoever in creditors or bonds. So that when Sothern and Marlowe came to town, Dix rushed wildly to them and said that he had played the



Photo by Clarence Bull

part of Richelieu at a high school performance, and that he was an actor, or wanted to be one, and could he be given a chance? That he went with them I don't remember, either. The evening star must have peeped through the gray distance then. I must have blinked a little while, and then, my attention replenished, turned to listen to the speaker again.

He came to New York: I know that. He hadn't very much money in his pocket (he hadn't any luggage, I believe), and the first day on Broadway got a job. He had hurried to all the agencies to arouse them to the fact that Lochinvar, the ideal juvenile, had popped out of the West. And when he returned to his boarding-house, a man over the telephone asked him if he would immediately go to Rhode Island (or Rochester: I think it was one of the two), to join a stock company. Dix, never having played leads before, or received a salary equivalent to them, said he wanted forty dollars a week.

The man hung up. Dix had been told he was crazy. He replied he wasn't; he was worth it. The man telephoned again and said he'd give him twenty-five. "No," persisted Dix, "forty." But when the man again banged down the receiver, and Dix realized he hadn't had anything to eat all day, and was just about to look up this exasperated gentleman's number, the bell rang, and the message came

(Continued on page 54)



Mary Pickford, A Drama —In Three Acts

It is the contention of the writer that future playwrights will dramatize Mary Pickford as they have Mary Stuart and Deburau, and he herewith furnishes them with the material

By Herbert Howe



Photo by Evans, L. A.

THIS is not a eulogy. There is something mortuary about a eulogy. It looks better on granite than on paper. Furthermore, the eulogy is rather a common form of fiction. I confess that others surpass me in it.

This is not a life history.

Biographies, too, seem a bit clammy.

They never can have a happy ending. In fact they cannot have any ending while the biographed is still living. Under these circumstances they seem to be impatiently awaiting the heroine's demise in order to add the final chapter.

This is drama.

It is not the account of a life but the interpretation of one and its relation to the future. In presenting it I hope to render invaluable service to future playwrights, who, I feel, will dramatize Mary Pickford as they now dramatize Mary Stuart and Deburau.

Mary Pickford's life is drama. But it is drama based on characterization rather than plot; albeit the narrative has a glittering outline. Consider the plot:

The daughter of a rooming-house keeper and a lake-boat purser who rises to a position of wealth and fame equal to that of any queen who ever lived.

The story of Mary Pickford has long been public property, yet the eternal questions pour in: Is her hair home-grown or transplanted? What is her age? What is her real name? What relation is she to her brother Jack? Is it true that she never was the wife of Lew Cody?

The League of Nations could have done a great deal of good by settling this international dispute. To promote the longevity of magazine editors and the education of the general public I suggest that these questions be incorporated in the exam papers of every

grade school. Let Columbus make way for Mary. Her landing is a great deal more important, so far as the public is concerned.

Miss Pickford effected a landing on this sphere April 8, 1893. Thus her age is a mathematical problem. The exact point of alighting was a small house in Toronto, Canada. Almost from the moment of her arrival she commenced growing luxuriant hair which was to become a world question. She was baptized Gladys Smith. Her father was a purser on a boat plying the great lakes. He suffered an injury while at work that resulted in his death. Mrs. Smith then took in roomers to earn a living for herself, Gladys, Lottie and Jack. Among the lodgers was an actor who urged Mrs. Smith to loan her

children to the local stock company. At first this was refused, but after observing the company from the wings of the theatre, Mrs. Smith decided to entrust her young to its influence. Thus Gladys Smith, who later was to become Mary Pickford, made her stage debut at the age of five with the Valentine stock company of Toronto. Edward Earle, also slated for the screen, was a member of the same company. Gladys' first part of any consequence was that of

Little Ted in "The Silver King." She boldly delivered one line. It is interesting to note that she made her first regular appearance as a boy, for just now she is envisaging Little Lord Fauntleroy before her cameras at the Brunton studio in California. At the age of nine she became a star in a traveling company of "The Fatal Wedding."

Her childhood seems to have been quite normal despite the



LEFT: Mary and Doug at their home in Beverly Hills

BELOW: Mary as she appears in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"



fact that her chief recreation was playing melodrama. We never think of Mary in a rage, but she was not without temper. Her mode of revenge, however, shows interesting character. Upon one occasion she became extremely indignant toward what she deemed the injustice of her mother. She felt it her duty to chastise the parent. After a somber pilgrimage outdoors she returned and pronounced the form of punishment she had inflicted:

"Ah-ha, now look what I went and done," said she, regarding her mother severely. "I went out and threw my gold ring away! Now I guess you'll be good."

It was impossible for Mary to hold a grudge. It wasn't natural to her and, besides, her vocation as an actress didn't permit it. Unlike the pampered daughters of today, she couldn't give much time to raising her mother.

Other instructions which the playwright of the future should set down for the benefit of the players are:

Mary Pickford at the time of doing *Little Lord Fauntleroy* weighed one hundred pounds. Only once in her life has she ever weighed more, and then she wasn't in the Dempsey class. Her eyes are, and always have been, hazel—magazine covers to the contrary notwithstanding. Her hair is a ruddy gold. Her height is four feet eleven in her stocking feet. David Belasco changed her name to Mary Pickford when he engaged her to play Betty Warren in his stage production of "The Warrens of Virginia." The name Pickford was an heirloom from Mary's grandmother. "Mary," I presume, was suggested by the spirituelle of countenance.

Having summarized these essential non-essentials, we may continue with the drama.

While many people consider it a vital part of



BELOW: Is Mary's hair home-grown? Here's the best answer we can give

ABOVE: *The Big Four*: Charlie, D. W., Mary and Doug. LEFT: Mary with Mary Pickford Rupp, her niece



their education to know the truth about Mary's hair, age, the color of her eyes and her preferences as to perfumes, there are few who realize her importance as a contemporary and historical figure. It is not eulogy to say that she holds a position on the screen comparable to that of Sarah Bernhardt on the stage. It is not even justice, for Mary Pickford has penetrated more hearts with her eloquent silence than Sarah Bernhardt has with her divine voice of gold. Her scope has been limitless. Her medium of expression has been a genuine esperanto. For popularity she holds the endurance record of all screen stars. Time after time we have been told that Mary's star was declining, that soon she would be supplanted by another. Yet today Mary Pickford has not a rival in all the celluloid skies. For thirteen years she has shone steadily in her place, the cynosure of all eyes. Her name is better known than that of any deity, for she is a favorite of Christians, Buddhists, Atheists, Mohammedans, Brahmans and Cannibals. With all respect to her histrionic ability I believe her character and personality—the *Real* of her—constitute the reason for her world popularity. With Mary

(Continued on page 51)

A Few Fazes of Fazenda

By Marion Lake

LOUISE FAZENDA is, in her feminine way, much like Charlie Chaplin—eternally the same, yet always different. Like him, she stands in a class by herself; she has created a character which is hers and hers alone. And now that she has left Mack Sennett she, too, is threatened with her Billy Wests. Mack Sennett is attempting to re-create her in the person of one of his most famous bathing girls!

We interviewed her out at her new studio on the outskirts of Hollywood—or we tried to. Recalling the event, we are astonished to discover that she told us very little. But that is the way with Louise. What you learn of her you must learn through observation and impression.

She is a little baffling—this Louise. That she, in her gingham aprons, her absurd front curl and pigtail bunched over her ears, her cotton stockings and tattered shoes, her role of ugly duckling, not only existed through the mad craze for bathing girls but actually thrived on it, was proof enough to us that she had the divine spark somewhere within her. And we dug for it manfully. We succeeded in fishing up a lot of interesting facts but we gave up before we reached the spark.

Overwhelmed by her make-up, you cling to her huge gray eyes—oases in a desert of grotesquerie. They are marvelously expressive and, strangely enough, touched with pathos. There again, with Chaplin, she strikes a note that no other comedienne—whom we can recall at least—has sounded. That wistfulness that made "The Kid" so different from any comedy ever made before, is in her, too, lying dormant, waiting only the magic touch of the right director, or the magic opportunity of the right story. Perhaps in "Money Flies," her first comedy for Educational, we shall see something of it. What she said about it was hopeful.

"It is not like anything I have ever done," she said. "I still keep in this character, of course. It has become a part of me—of me on the screen, I mean. But 'Money Flies' has given me a real story, a plot, a chance to act a little. In it we have struggled to get away from slapstick."

It was her brief moment of seriousness. Having told us that much, she turned her attention to Mary Garden—her faithful friend. Mary Garden is a goat, a baby, who persists in following her, bleating, wheresoever she may go. And beside Mary she has Waddles, a persistent duck, who has eyes for Louise alone.

We continued to prod Louise with gentle questions and discovered that she is crazy about fried scallops, and Russian novels, and Holy Roller meetings, and canned clams; that she boasts of a bracelet of elephant hair that an admiring fan has sent her from Belgium, and that she likes men—pretty well.

And we learned that on a recent tour of the

country she had had the most fun on board train, getting chummy with a traveling salesman whose line was bathtubs, or something else quite as intimate.

"He thought I was a saleswoman myself, of course," said Louise, "or he never would have gotten so confidential. And then he almost stumped me by suddenly asking what my 'line' was. I never had known what was meant by a line before that day, but I managed to stammer something about 'Bed quilts.'" She giggled a little at the remembrance. "People must have thought we were talking about a De Mille picture," she finished.

And when she finally got to New York she walked down Fifth Avenue as all women do, and grew quite breathless over the shop windows. She came to one finally that she couldn't resist, and went in and bought—a package of lollypops!

It is because of all that, because success has not meant to her what it means to almost every actress—a

limousine and luxuries and nothing but clothes and more clothes—that she will prove enduring—has proved enduring. She is, above all things, human. She reaches down to those of us—and we are the great majority—who must find our enjoyment in just those things that she enjoys herself, things that are not necessarily expensive because they are amusing.

A great producer once said, "The vital thing to remember in making motion pictures is that no matter how much you lavish on them in the making, they are still a nickel business." And though she has probably never considered it in as concrete a form as that, that is

the principle upon which she has built her name and is still building it. She understands the

countless numbers of us who must buy our enjoyment with nickels and dimes. That she has her car and her comfortable home is a result of it.

Out of make-up and in street dress, she is astonishingly different. That same whimsical humor is there, that I-don't-care manner, but from the cocoon of her outlandish screen costume emerges a distinctly attractive young person, smartly garbed, distinctly modern, pretty. The large, pathetic gray eyes that hide lurking devils of fun are now fixed in a face distinctly harmonious.

We rode into town with her in her Buick coupe. We tried to get her to talk seriously again about her work—and she told us how she fed twelve goats from a bottle each so that they would work with her easily before the camera.

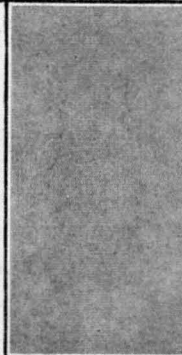
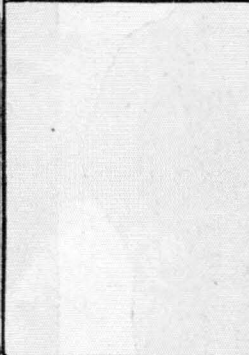
We questioned her about her opinion on the German film menace but just then a Ford sedan passed by and she remarked irrelevantly that she never did like flying bedrooms. We sighed and gave it up!



Here's Another Faze



*A few studies of the
Louise, whom her ad-
mirers do not know*



All Photos by Hoover Art Studios, L. A.

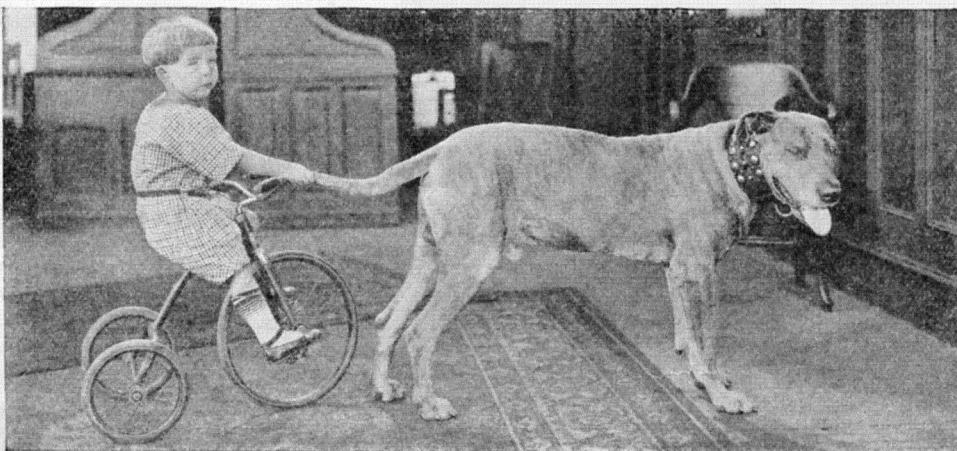
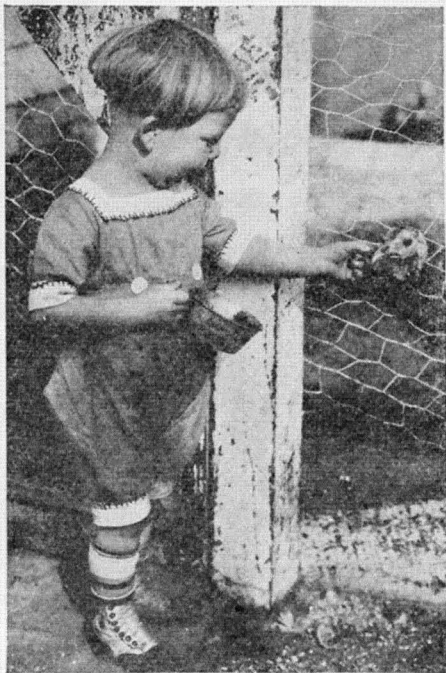
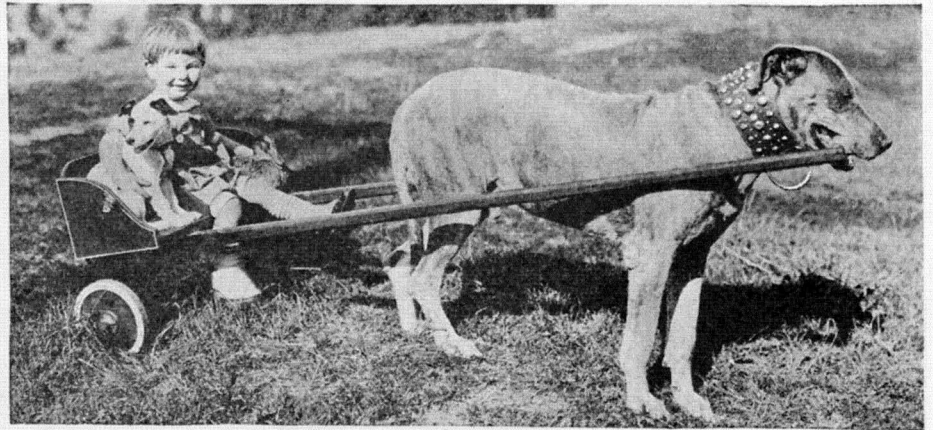
*The real girl, who likes
pretty clothes, like oth-
er real girls, and who
looks pretty with them,
is far removed from the
grotesque little girl of
our screen acquaintance*



*But this is the Louise
her friends know and
love quite as much as
we love the comedi-
enne of many Mack
Sennett farces*

John Henry's Son

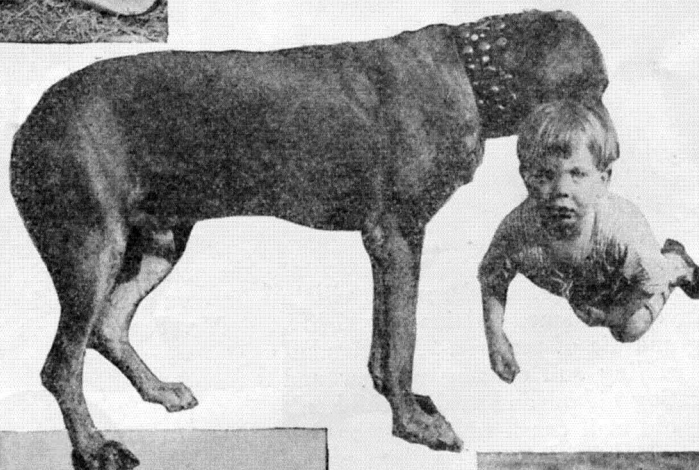
This, ladies and gentlemen, is John Henry's son. At least we presume it must be John Henry's son, for we know him by no other name than John Henry, Jr. Now that we have told you that, we'll just add that it is John Henry, Jr., whom you have seen a million times with Teddy, the greatest of all screen dogs.



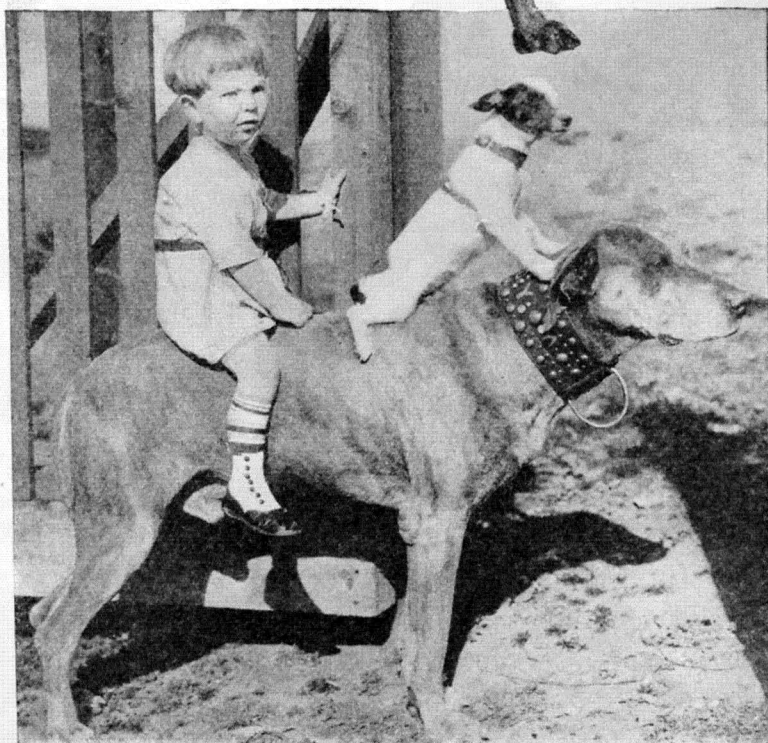
Ah! You ask a question! We expected it. WHO IS JOHN HENRY? According to the 1921 rules for juniors, you say, there can be no junior who has not been preceded by a senior. We know that, too, but so far our search for John Henry, though most industrious, has been fruitless.



Turning to H in our own little book, we find Henrys by the score, but John is not among them. First in our list is none other than Jim Henry, the international authority on shaving cream—Jim Henry, the man who put the men in Mennen's. Patrick Henry is there, too. He has a full page to himself. Henry VIII has two pages, and deserves three.



Henry Peck, of course, is included, but there really isn't anything of consequence there about him. In fact, the book merely tells you to look up Mrs. Henry. Last and, untrue to conventions, least is Henry Ford. That's all there is. John Henry is missing.



A Son of a Gunman

By Harriette Underhill



Before and after



SOMETIMES it is easy to smile and be a villain still. Bernard Randall says it is his life's ambition (to be a villain, not to smile) and a privilege which he will not easily relinquish. That is where the movie villain has the advantage over the old-fashioned villains of real life, who always stop smiling and die of remorse. Mr. Randall can go on smiling and smiling and cooking up new and nefarious schemes for cheating widows and stealing children's pennies and bombing the old mail coach without its costing him a single night's sleep. Villainy has not cost him even a wrinkle. We know, for we lunched with him recently under a strong arc light at the Algonquin.

"Villains are more interesting than heroes. I always play the villain roles, because I like them best," said Randall, telling us only "what every woman knows." "Even if I thought I looked like a perfectly splendid one-hundred-percent hero (which I doubt), I would take no interest in those parts. All the hero has to do is to catch the lovely lady in his arms when she plunges over the cliff; it is the villain who has the fun of chasing her." So Mr. Randall agrees with us—it is not the quarry but the chase. Just so.

You see, looking like a villain, when one has twinkling blue eyes and blond wavy hair, is all in the mustache. (We did not have to wait fifteen minutes for our grapefruit under that arc for nothing.)

"Yes," he admitted, "I do wear the mustache on purpose. Of course, I know I am the villain in the play, but the audience cannot always tell, and it is safer not to run any risks. The mustache has always been a trademark of villainy. Curling black ones have gone out of style, however. They were too easy. Movie audiences as far west as Colorado got so they could tell a fellow was a villain right away if he wore a waxed and curly mustache. It makes them feel sophisticated and superior to detect me with my little blond hedge. But they have to have it."

"But you must have some secret sorrow. How can we write an interview with an actor who has no grievances?" we demanded. An actor should always "let melancholy, like a worm i' the bud, feed on his damask cheek."

Mr. Randall blushed—or was it too much tabasco? (No, he doesn't use tabasco on his grapefruit. He had clams instead.)

"It does make it sort of hard at home," he grinned. "Especially when I was first married, friend wife insisted on seeing all my pictures. It used to make her furious to have me always getting the worst of it in the last act."

"Why don't you ever do a part where your courage and your cleverness will get you something?" she used to say, "You could have just as much opportunity to act if you were playing a clever detective, as in these parts where you are always the clever crook. And you're handsome enough for the hero role."

Plenty handsome enough! That was when we were first married that she talked like that. It is not only the wife, either, but it's the grandmother and the son. I remember taking my little boy to see one of my pictures and he howled all the way home after I had been thrown off the cliff."

Mr. Randall laughed out, but it occurred to us that it would require a lot of moral courage on the part of a villain to take his only child to see his pictures very often. Every father likes to enjoy his son's respect—except, of course, Heywood Broun, and don't you believe all he says, either, about making H.3 treat him as an equal; there must be a conflict between a father's love for his child and his pride in his art, when the five-year-old face beside him grows dark with hatred for the villain, and he forgets that it is his father he hates. Yet the greatest triumph of such an actor's life would be to have his own child hiss him off the stage! Art could ask no more!

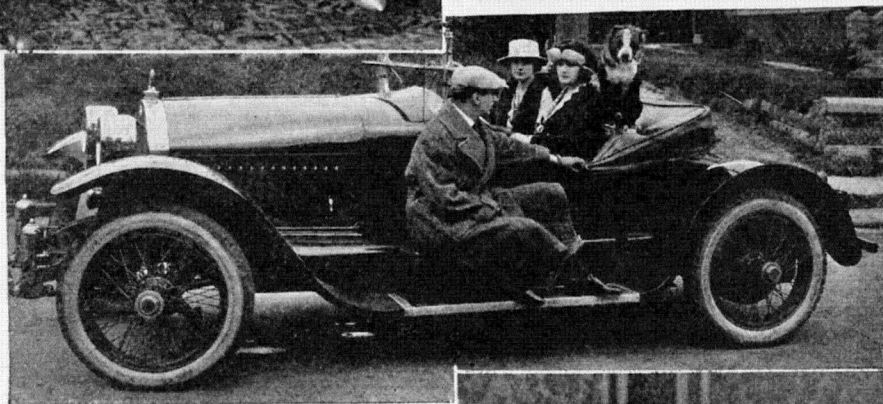
Mr. Randall isn't worrying about that yet. He is still



Norton Bernard
Randall—"Sonny"
—the son of a
gunman



AT THE RIGHT: Alice and Bernard Randall on the way to location



Bernard Randall and Alice Calhoun in two scenes from the Vitagraph star's latest picture

enjoying the careers of crime to which the Vitagraph Company dedicated him, and his idea of a good time when he is not working is to drop in at the police court and watch a real crook on the stand. It was through studying criminals in this way that he was able to create the character of—well, whatever the villain's name was in "Within the Law," which gave him his first glory on Broadway, and his debut in the movies.

"I had been on the legitimate stage for some years," he said, "and had never taken any interest in motion pictures, but when the Selwyns permitted the filming of 'Within the Law,' it was stipulated in the contract that certain actors should play their original stage parts. And I was one of those named. Kenneth Hill and I had both played the part on the stage.

"After that I was in 'The Auction Block,' and after that I went to war. I was chosen for the 'Auction Block' because I could make up to look just like Flo Ziegfeld and that was the type Rex Beach had in mind."

It seemed so strange to hear Mr. Randall boast of studying police court types as his chief diversion, when a lot of the villains we know think only of motoring and dancing and playing the ukulele, that we insisted on knowing some more about his queer habits.

He hesitated a moment, and then made a clean breast of it. Yes, he had not always been an actor. He had started to study law when he was young, but his health

broke down and he had gone to Colorado. Of course, he couldn't stand it there, and when a traveling company came along, he forgot all about his weak lungs, and ran away with them. Since then he has grown to be broad-shouldered and tall, and handsome enough so that he could play heroes perfectly well if he only would. You see we agree with his wife.

"My early interest in legal matters always colors the crook parts I play," he said. "Sometimes it actually helps in constructing the plot, and always stands me in good stead in teaching me the characteristic of the criminal mind. I like to drop in on court proceedings in various parts of the country and study the unusual types found there."

When he is not haunting courtrooms and serving on juries, Mr. Randall plays pony polo, and we are glad of that for the che-ild's sake. We hope he takes his little boy to see him play polo after every picture where the sheriff gets him. It will give the boy something to boast of which has no comeback. We can imagine a front porch conversation between Sonny and the neighbor's boy.

"My father is the best villain in the movies."

"Huh! Your father has an evil eye. I heard our cook say so. She says she knows that's why they picked him to play 'Dead-eye Dick' in the picture last week. She said

(Continued on page 55)





Helene of Chadwick, New York

By Edwin Justus Mayer

your nativity, but when you're there you have as much privacy as Mr. Irvin Cobb's goldfish, or as much privacy as a flat on the level with the 'L.' Oft have I prayed to be set down in a great city where no one ever heard of me, or of anybody connected with me, so that I might have isolation from the past of my family. But don't mistake me! Chadwick is a fine town and the people in it are fine, too!"

At which the interviewer, himself a descendant of the well-known Hohenemse family—in fact, the last of the wild, wild Hohenemses—remembered the O. Henry story of the cosmopolite who, after boasting of his travels and sophistication, offered to fight a man in a cafe who reflected on the paving of the village from which the globe-trotter came.

Miss Chadwick was educated in New York City, that genuine capital of the United States, and her unusual beauty won her fame at an early age. At one time she was called "the most photographed girl in America," deriving her claim to this from the works of the many artists for whom she posed; and also, the innumerable advertisements in which her picture was used.

General Nivelle, the famous French Commander, who recently visited the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, California, met Miss Chadwick there and called her "the prettiest girl in America."

The "prettiest girl in America" made her debut on the screen in 1916 when, despite her fame, she was only nineteen years of age.

"Although I had never been west," she says, "and was an eastern girl by birth and choice, I was starred as a rough western girl in 'The Challenge.' This was my first picture. Later I did Kipling's 'The Naulahka,' Tony Moreno playing opposite me. After two years I started to free lance, but the Goldwyn people came along and I went along, and I know that I am going to keep going along for a long time to come, the gods willing.

"I prefer playing the dramatic to the humorous. Life seems to me to be serious enough as a proposition which we must face to be taken seriously. I have never believed that Oscar Wilde was right when he said that Life was too serious to be taken seriously. One might say that Life is too funny to be taken flippantly. You will notice the phrase 'comedy relief'—the comedy comes as relief, as it does in real life; the major conflict or force is sober enough.

"Recently in the studio I saw two stages occupied by two different companies, each as busy as they could be. On one of the stages a humorous scene was being depicted, and it happened to be an excellent one of its kind, as funny as Charlie Chaplin and as witty as Will Rogers. The next stage had a serious scene, also excellent of its kind; there was real pathos and depth in the acting; and I was strongly moved by the contrast between this and the humorous scene which I had seen a moment before. I couldn't help thinking that the rollicking portrayal represented something which, while certainly not unimportant, was still less than the other.

"But I am afraid that I am getting serious and one shouldn't be serious in an interview, should

EVERYBODY can boast of ancestors, naturally enough, even if our ancestors weren't anything to boast of. (I recently heard of a man who hired a genealogist to investigate his family tree and is now paying the fellow hush-money every Thursday, behind the Humboldt statue in Central Park.) But this is all misapropos, as are most of my writings; what I meant to say, and as usual, didn't, was that not everybody, and very few motion picture favorites, can boast—if they want to—of being descended from an honest-to-goodness lord. Nor am I here referring to the Good Lord!

Helene Chadwick, a delight to the eye on the screen which shows Goldwyn pictures, can boast—not that she does—of a lineage which includes an authentic nobleman, a castle, and everything—the everything including a town named after her great-grandfather, the nobleman in question. The town of Chadwick, New York, as well as Helene, took its name from that gentleman, and when Helene went on the stage she saw no reason for changing her own. Which shows that she is more sensible than most girls when they first go on the stage!

Our heroine's grandfather was president of the silk mills which have made prosperous Chadwick, N. Y., and her father was an executive in the same mills, while her mother, previous to her marriage, was a singer, and to her must be ascribed the early interest which Helene took in the drama.

"Being born in a town in which everybody knows your family history isn't what it's cracked up to be," Miss Chadwick says. "It's all right when you're away from the place of



one? I think the usual thing is to be epigrammatical and brilliant, and here I am being serious! I wonder if my words, when set down in hard ink and cold type, will make me look as if I wore horn-rimmed spectacles all the time and talked like an infant prodigy! I hope not!

"For it would really be unfair. I have, as a matter of fact, a real enjoyment in life. I enjoy my work and my play. California is such a wonderful place in which to work. All the newspapers here are always saying so, but notwithstanding that, it is true. It is really wonderful to be bathed in this sunshine all the while, even when one is working. As far as climate is concerned, Heaven must be something like California—except that now and then there must be a snowstorm there to relieve the monotony of beauty from which we sometimes suffer here!

"What do I most enjoy—my work or my play? Why, my work is my play, and my play is my work! Please say for me that motion-picture acting isn't easy; it's difficult and sometimes tiresome, but it's always fun! That sounds paradoxical, but it's true! There are two sides to the screen. One side is in the motion picture theatres—and that's the side the public sees. The other side is here at the studios, and that's the side on which we pantomimic puppets dance—and like it!"

Miss Chadwick confesses that her hobby and her ambition are different things; her ambition is to be a pianist; her hobby is athletics. Those who have heard her play say that she is a genuine musician; and those who have seen her swim declare that Leander or Lord Byron had little on her, and that if the Hellespont happened to be in the neighborhood of Culver City, California (which, for your information, it isn't), there is no doubt in the world but that she would triumphantly swim across it even as the Greek and the Briton did. She is also an expert motorist and her automobile is a familiar sight along the California roads. She is particularly fond of the long stretches running through sparsely populated ways and where the eleventh commandment—thou shalt not speed—is shamefully, but exhilaratingly, violated.

Miss Chadwick, incidentally, has won a new name for herself of recent months. She who was once "the most photographed girl in America" has become "The Eminent-Authors



Photo by Maurice Goldberg, N. Y.

Girl." For she has been distinguishing herself in a number of photoplays conceived by members of the Eminent Authors group—and principally in photoplays by one of the best-known of that group, Rupert Hughes.

It is whispered that her work in "Dangerous Curve Ahead," the latest Hughes comedy-drama, is something to talk about. This picture will not be released until the fall, and fans, according to those of the elect who have been able to attend pre-review showings of the picture, have something to look forward to which is worth patience and humility—and how many things are in this impatient and humiliating world?

In the meanwhile, the town of Chadwick continues to take a lively interest in the screen career of Miss Chadwick; and ancestral ghosts, clad in doublet and hose and bewigged and begirt and besworded, haunt the Goldwyn lot to watch over the career of their charming descendant, who, in the midst of democracy, is maintaining rightfully the ancient and honorable tradition of the aristocracy of beauty and talent anywhere and always.

Among the recent pictures that have marked Miss Chadwick as one of the younger players of much promise are "Scratch My Back," that Rupert Hughes masterpiece, which set a new and enviable mark for high class screen comedy, "Godless Men," a recent Reginald Barker special production, and "Made in Heaven," all of which point to this lovely little lady as a leading woman of the right sort—a leading woman who really leads.

A great motorist, Miss Chadwick is giving Time, that stern traffic-officer, with his warrant always ready against the unusual Force, the race of his life, and is burning up the roads that leads to stardom.



Helene Chadwick with John Bowers in "Godless Men"



U. S. A. at work

BACK in the pioneer days of the flickering drama, when famous Inceville, overlooking the briny deep at Santa Ynez Canyon, held forth in majestic grandeur amid the fire and smoke of Bill Hart's "twin Colts," the flame of Dorothy Dalton and the unsophisticated youth of Charlie Ray, they numbered among the "inner circle" one young man who somehow or other was plastered with the label, "U. S. A."

On the door of his office, which, by the way, was adjacent to the sacred sanctum of the "big boss," the letters "U. S. A." were emblazoned on a sign with its red, white and blue paint, evident for 'steen yards off.

"Who's in that office?" ventured a meek mere man in a party of Eastern visitors.

"Why, that's the domain of an Adjutant-General of the United States Army," snapped back Miss Know-It-All, one of the visitors, who couldn't be kept quiet with a cement muffler. "They always have an army officer at these here movie camps; when they stage a battle scene, or the hero runs off with the General's daughter, some one familiar with the state secrets must be on hand to tell 'em where to head in—and out!"

Miss Know-It-All promptly proceeded to prove her pudding. Opening the door with the unadulterated nerve of one intent upon seeing all and knowing all, she peered in as if to invite the "Adjutant-General, U. S. A., to step out and substantiate her inbred, deep, dark knowledge of the movies.

But the young man who appeared at the door, with a five-cent cigar stuck loose in his mouth, tortoise-shelled

threshold of wedging its way into the "inner circle" of the public's favor.

The only thing against the "Udell" and the "Sylvester" is that Andrews himself doesn't like 'em. "Udell" (he told me this in confidence, yet I can't resist spilling it) sounds like a goody-goody who brings apples to the teacher. "Sylvester" (also in confidence) strikes him as being far too close to a relationship with "My Brudda Sylvest," and if there's one thing that Andrews detests, it's the guy who wished this song on an unsuspecting world.

So the "Udell" and the "Sylvester" have been merged, consolidated, ironed down, up and out, into the one name—Del, by which this "U. S. A." of old Inceville is known in his present capacity as productional consultant and a special continuity writer for the man who opened Opportunity's door, Thomas H. Ince.

Romances of the film world are generally limited to the stars, male and female. It's all well and good, considered "great copy," to tell all about the start—and finish—of the buoyant blonde beauties and the silver-tongued Apollos who hold the center of the flicker-sheet, yet Romances of Commercial Filmdom are few and far between, so far as the public is concerned.

And that's the reason for this story.

For there *is* Romance, blissful and sad, along the roads bedecked with cold, hard dollars-and-cents commercialism, and the man who can keep in the center of the path and come up *smiling* is entitled to a niche in the Hall of Fame—just as the great Schwab and Morgan and hosts of others have opened the chapters of a



Thomas H. Ince and Del Andrews

business life filled with excitement, some failures, much inspiration and, in the end, unstinted success.

Del Andrews started his career on a big bench in a small—very small—frame building which carried the classification of Thomas H. Ince's Private Office, and "cutting department." To the right of this bench, with sleeves rolled high, feet cuddled up on a lower crossbar and a brow crossed occasionally by tiny beads of perspiration, sat the Lord High Mayor of Inceville, which is another way of saying—Thomas H. Ince.

There they worked, this employer and employe, side by side, cutting and thinking, thinking and cutting, as the Ince directors, stars and companies were working on the vast area of mountain and valley land which constituted the Santa Ynez Canyon of Inceville.

Many the night that Ince and Andrews forsook the quiet environs of California's bungalows (yes, they didn't have block-long estates in those happy days), to work until the wee hours of the pale morn, then hit a pot of black java and cuddle up for a few hours' sleep right there in the cutting room and private office, this employer and employe, sleeping side by side, even talking in their sleep over some scene which had to come out and another go in.

Since his first advent into motion pictures, Ince has personally supervised and edited every picture from his studios. Along the first milestones of his career, he wouldn't entrust the difficult and serious "cutting" to any hands but his own—and those of Del Andrews, whom he personally tutored and taught, exercising the most painstaking of care to drill into a receptive mentality the rudiments of dramatic values; the golden rule for the elimination of superfluous footage, meaning, of course, those scenes, situations or sequences which have no particular influence or emphasis on the play, and the distinct and fine art of "cutting" and editing a picture to make it "step along without a hitch, holding the interest and suspense of the audience without a dull moment throughout."

"Sounds easy," you may say.

Yet if any individual would attempt to count the past and present productions which "drag in spots," and inflict upon the T. B. M. a conglomeration of scenes installed, and allowed to remain, simply to please a producer, director or star's fancy, to say nothing about the commonly-practiced custom of "padding" a picture merely to extend it into the five or seven-reel class of the "super-feature," they'd soon discover that the science and art of "cutting" is by all odds and means one of the most intricate and potential jobs in the manufacture of films, second only to the story, but on equal terms with the directorial art, for many are the cases where a good picture has been ruined by the "cuttier," and "mediocre" pictures bolstered, rearranged, assembled into tangible continuity and finally edited into a coherent, interesting and successful subject by the clear, perceptive brain and deft hands of the man in the cutting room.

The tutorage under Thomas H. Ince was destined to play its course in the career of Del Andrews, for he gained that knowledge, fundamental understanding of drama, and actual practice and practical demonstration, which is possible only

through close and consistent contact with a leader in any line of endeavor.

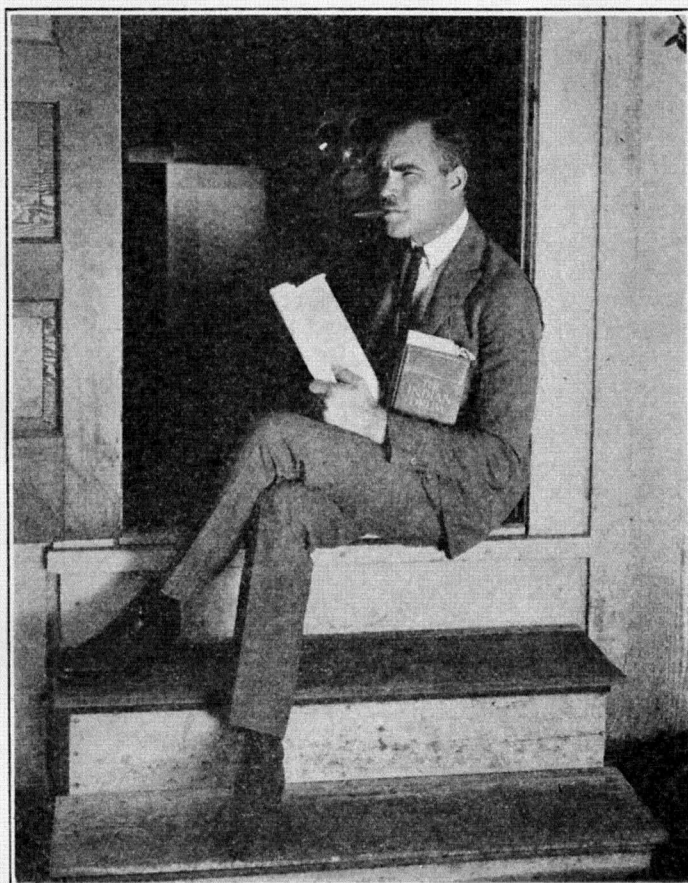
The Ince productions assembled and "cut" by Del Andrews, if measured by inches and feet aggregated by the square mile, would begin at the Ince Studios in Culver City, lay a beaten path to the Sante Fe station in Los Angeles, follow the tracks all the way to San Francisco, back again to Los Angeles, en route the California Limited to New York, over the waves to Liverpool, back again to New York, thence to England again, and, finally, after floating over several other foreign lands, return to the Studios in Culver City, with enough footage remaining to wrap around his shoulders, entwine his feet, and—

But it's a long story, this record of positive film cut by

Del; a story which would occupy a volume all in itself, for some directors have a habit of shooting some sixty or seventy thousand feet of film, when but five thousand constitute a regular five-reel feature release, and between 6,500 and 7,500 for the "super" seven-reeler. In the filming of "Civilization" only, more than two hundred thousand feet of film was shot.

Of this footage, eighty thousand feet were retained and classified as "good takes." Then it was Del Andrew's job, directly assisted, in this

(Continued on page 54)



Beauty Speaks

By Eugene J. O'Brien

That R. R. puzzled me—and how could I display my ignorance by asking in what part of the state of Pennsylvania R. R. was located. For a minute I thought of the Edison XYZ test and how well I couldn't answer most of the questions. She saved my embarrassment, however, by explaining that she first saw the light of day on board a train, coming into Washington, D. C.

"Then I suppose you claim the District of Columbia as your native place?" I suggested.

"Well," continued "Princess Charming," "I do, but do you know, confidentially, that it really isn't known whether I'm a Washingtonian or a Marylander? I'll

(Continued on page 53)



Photos by Apeda, N. Y.



BEAUTY spoke, and I felt like the buck private in the rear rank being addressed by the commanding officer. Yes, I stood, or rather sat, at attention for the first ten minutes after meeting Anetha Getwell, winner of a national beauty contest and latest addition to motion picture stardom.

Not so certain, either, am I, that I didn't reply to the queries of the dazzling "deb" in the second person. 'Tis funny what the army will do.

After a second breath, however, I got back into civilian life again and went to work.

One pleasant feature about interviewing a newcomer to the silver sheet is that they do not have your questions answered in stereotyped form, almost before you have asked them. They have not been interviewed "to death" and you do not have to look in your bag for new tricks.

To begin with, Anetha Getwell has had a most interesting history.

"Were you born in this country, Miss Getwell?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "Pennsylvania R. R."

Lavender, Old Lace, and Edythe Chapman

By Carmen Ballen

TO KNOW Edythe Chapman is to love her.

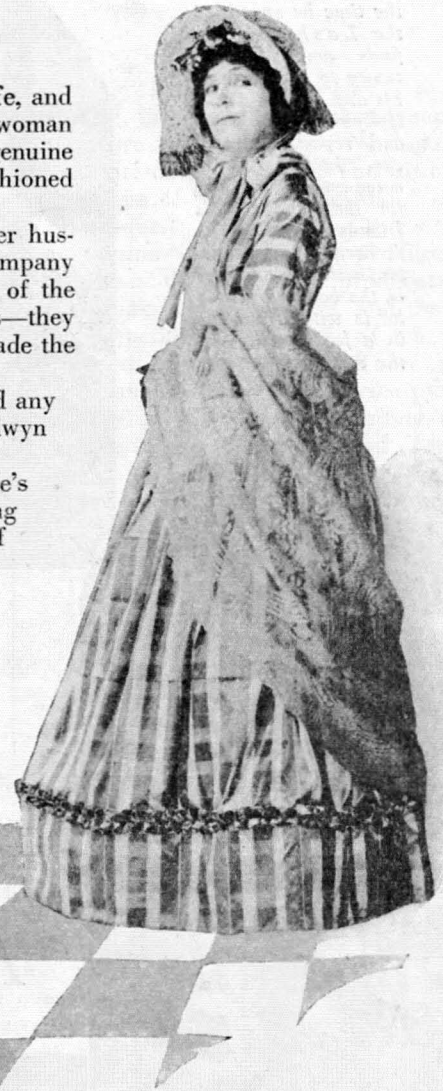
She is one of those rare souls who have retained faith in the beauty of life, and combined with it the sweet wisdom of later years. She is the kind of woman to whom young girls instinctively go for advice, and to whom men bow with genuine courtesy. She is reminiscent of lavender and old lace—of the old-fashioned femininity which was the charm of our grandmothers.

In private life Edythe Chapman is Mrs. James Neill, and for years was her husband's leading lady during his countless stock tours. The James Neill stock company is known from coast to coast. Miss Chapman has many an interesting story of the time when she and "Jimmie" trouped together. Now they are both in pictures—they say they deserted the speaking stage with fear and trembling, for when they made the break, it was like taking a flyer in doubtful stock to join the movies.

"Ridiculous, isn't it—the way things have shaped themselves, to think we had any hesitancy?" questions Miss Chapman now. The Neills are both on the Goldwyn lot, where they are called "the sweethearts."

With an indescribably gentle gallantry, James Neill approaches his wife's dressing room door when the day's acting is over. No one dreams of being amused at his rather flowery speeches to her, because there is that tone of sincerity and dignified affection which robs them of grandiloquence. His deep Southern drawl can be heard outside the door, querying, "Well, my happiness,—are you ready?"

And there is always a smile waiting for him, and a welcoming, "Come in, lover—just a minute!"



Many a young girl, curled up on Edythe Chapman's chaise-longue, a silent witness to this little evening scene, has wondered deep in her heart of hearts, if her "sweetie" will speak that way in the years to come, and perhaps she wonders also, if she will be able to blush as prettily as Edythe Chapman, under the eyes of a twenty-five years old husband!

The other day, not so long ago, Mrs. Neill was playing her very winning interpretation of "Eelen," in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," a Reginald Barker Production. When the director chided her about something, she shook a playful finger at him and said,

"There, there, Reggie. That will do, my dear!"—and the dignified Mr. Barker was forced to remember when he had been but a "super" in the James Neill Stock Company! Not one, but several well-known directors and players served their term with the Neills.

It is in old character plays like "Bunty Pulls the Strings" that the actor of long experience is of most value—for in his or her wardrobe are bound to be garments or acces-

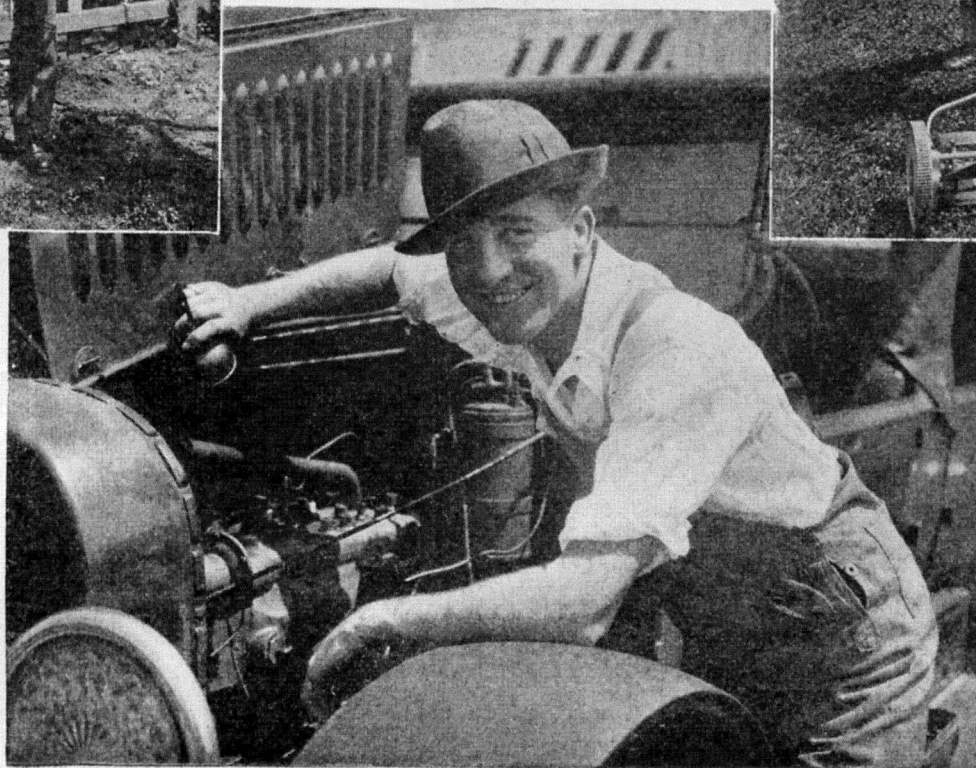
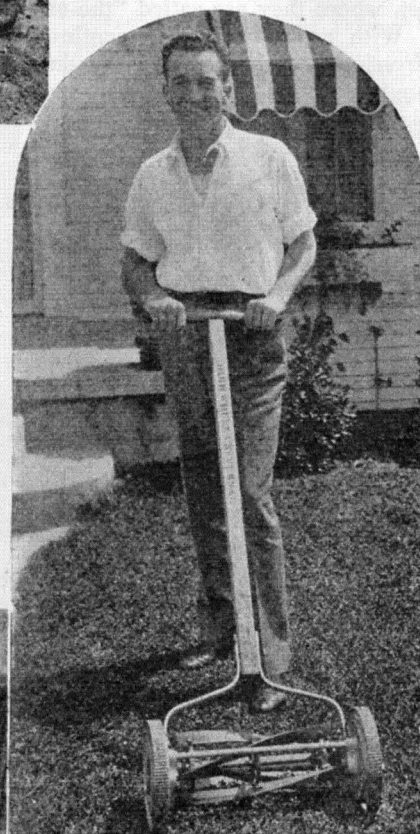
(Continued on page 52)

Jack Mulhall, despite the time he spends at the Lasky studios, finds ample opportunity to take care of his own garden at his Hollywood bungalow and repair his own car. Jack's a good actor, and we like him for that, though his friends tell us that he is even more competent with a lawn mower in the back yard than he is with a heroine in a front parlor—at the studio, of course.



We always hated lawn mowers and trowels and spades when we were living on Long Island, and we still hate them. Just the same, we always hated our Ford when he needed oil or a new nut (no pun intended) or something. But all those things and many more would we put up with to have a Hollywood bungalow—and anyone who has a Hollywood bungalow knows why.

JACK (MULHALL) of All Trades



Exporting An Industry

By John Emerson

WHEN the Germans invaded Belgium, the commissioners shipped whole industries bodily into the Fatherland. Machinery, raw stock, and even workers were sent across the Rhine, and the component parts were there re-assembled much as one might put together a portable house.

America is unwittingly about to do something very much like this to one of her own industries—her fifth in importance.

Suppose the newspapers announced one morning that the movie producers had decided to dismantle their studios here and send everything—lights, cameras, laboratory equipment, actors, directors, scenarioists—to Europe, there to re-establish their industry on a cheaper basis.

What an outcry there would be! One would hear very little talk of the advantages of the beautiful European scenery, of the fine climate, of the old world culture, and all the rest of it. On the contrary, the press and public alike would assail the producers as unpatriotic profiteers who sought to rob their countrymen, not only of many millions in yearly revenue, but of the tremendous world advertisement which American-made pictures have become for America and American products—even of the pleasure of seeing fine photoplays made in their own land, based upon their own life and civilization.

But, if a "reconstructed" Europe makes good pictures, this is exactly what will happen.

NO producer can hope to compete with Europe in production costs. For example, a recent press dispatch from Germany announced that the super-trust of the movies had fixed the top salary of any player at \$50 a week (in American money) with a heavy fine for the producer who paid more. Such super-trusts are encouraged in Germany and can reduce wages to a minimum. Imagine hiring Douglas Fairbanks or Mary Pickford at \$50 a week, and this only for the weeks in which they are actually working!

In France, in Italy, even in England, salaries are a fraction of those received in America, in any industry. Labor is extremely cheap. Producers can afford to sell their pictures here for a fifth of what it would cost to make them in this country. Not only actors, but carpenters, clerks, mechanics, salesmen, day laborers—all of whom are necessary to the movies—receive much less. We have our own standard of living, and we should adhere to it.

But the American theatre owner has *his* standard of living, too, and, like all of us, he wants to maintain it. If he can secure a passable photoplay made in Europe for a fifth of the cost of one made in America, that picture will be shown in his house. The public may not like the foreign flavor of the story, the strange characters and the stranger costumes quite as well, but his profits are four times as great and so the picture is shown. By the time the public has been aroused to a point where it actively demands American-made pictures and begins to wonder what has happened to Mary and Doug and Charlie and Norma and Constance and D. W. Griffith, there will be no American pictures available. The movie industry will have followed our merchant marine into the limbo of bankruptcy.

All this rests upon the first premise, "if Europe makes good pictures." At present, with one or two exceptions, Europe is

not making good pictures. The lighting, scenery, photography, direction, acting and, more important, the scenario of almost any European picture is amateurish. No European picture ever made has the dramatic sweep of "The Birth of a Nation," the perfect technique of "The Miracle Man," or the human appeal of "Humoresque." Europe is not forcing—by a sort of aesthetic competition—the American producers to make more artistic pictures; the American producers are forcing the Europeans to make better pictures, and they are giving these European competitors the benefit of ten years of expensive experiments in movie making. There is no choice (except to a European, who would rather see pictures made in his own surroundings) between American-made and foreign-made pictures. At present, the American product is far finer.

But the Europeans have several advantages. Their pictures are a novelty. They have a variety of picturesque and historic scenes which may be filmed free of charge. The European market is theirs at the outset because Europeans favor their own product regardless of quality—witness the slogan repeated in almost every British advertisement, "Made entirely in England."

The novelty of foreign pictures and picturesque scenery will keep the foreign pictures going for a short time in this country in spite of the bad qualities of most of them. If, during that period, the Europeans forge ahead, if they absorb our technique and add to it that great fund of ingenuity and imagination which has made their literature and drama great, the American motion picture industry will die overnight.

It will not be a question of elevating the artistic plane of American productions through European competition.

There will be no productions to elevate, except cheap-John affairs made at minimum cost.

Hundreds of thousands of people will be thrown out of work in studios, laboratories, business offices, and in allied industries. This will react upon every industry in the country, just as the failure of the automobile industry would react upon all other branches of business. The loss of a billion dollars a year in revenue is not to be laughed at by any American citizen.

THIS is no time for recrimination against American producers whose efforts do not meet the taste of Mr. George Jean Nathan. American producers have built up a great industry overnight and are on the verge of great artistic achievements. Indeed, they have already made great artistic advances, if pictures of today are compared with those made twelve years ago. The Europeans are starting with the advantage of all the experience amassed in this country, having at their disposal a home market which will accept almost anything made abroad, and in addition, the tremendous asset of cheap labor—a far better start than the Americans had. If they rise to this opportunity with any degree of initiative, the issue is plain. Our studios and laboratories will disappear, presently to re-appear in Paris, Berlin, London and Naples.

Even now, the best American players, writers and directors are receiving attractive offers to work on short-term contracts abroad with producers who hope to squeeze them dry,

(Continued on page 53)

John Emerson is admirably fitted to discuss the subject of the effect of foreign films on the industry in this country. Mr. Emerson is recognized as one of the leading writers for the screen and has produced his own pictures. He is President of the Actors' Equity Association, an organization the membership of which comprises many thousand stage and screen players.

A Trip To Paradise—

That's what Virginia Valli says of her trip to Hollywood

By George Landy

it looks like a safe bet to wager on a similarly bright future for the fourth. The birds-of-a-feather adage is as sound as ever.

There isn't much opportunity for outdoor sports when a girl is seriously striving to establish herself at the very bottom of the motion picture ladder—the ladder on which so few finally climb to fame and fortune. So

Virginia had to lay aside her tennis racket, her polo mallet and her golf clubs—and she did. Resisting the temptations of the South Shore Country Club and other similar institutions of which the Windy City is justly proud, she haunted the

Essanay Studio until extra work gave way to small bits and then her patience and talent were rewarded by contracts for real parts. She was Taylor Holmes' leading woman when he made his screen debut; their three pictures together include "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Uneasy Money."

But Heaven to her is California — California the land of the modern sun-worshippers.

Perhaps you have a different idea of Paradise than Virginia

WERE you lucky enough to see "Bunt Pulls the Strings" as a stage play? Then you'll always remember that wonderful curtain line where the masterful Bunt tells Weelum that when he marries her, he'll be "the most henpecked man in all Scotland." To which he replies, totally unabashed: "And I'll glory in my shame."

Virginia Valli is the latest recruit to the Hollywood colony of leading women. So much has that poor movie colony been muckraked that the casual reader might imagine she would be ashamed to admit it. But—she glories in it. For, despite the demands of the inexorable director, there is always some time remaining to play around in the famous California brand of sunshine. And Virginia's middle name is outdoor sports.

Taking just a flashing glance at her, you would never describe her as athletic. Slightly built, with delicately moulded features crowned by a wealth of jet black hair, she would seem to be more at home in library or boudoir. But the fact remains that her every spare daylight hour is devoted to golf, tennis, polo, swimming or some other open-air recreation. And that is the reason for her especial delight over her presence in Hollywood, with all the opportunities found there for indulgence in these athletic pastimes.

Born and educated in Chicago—although the town of Mariette, Ohio, calls her its own because her family has lived there for several years—Virginia Valli was one of a quartette of extra girls who started together on the road to fame at the then busy Essanay Studio. Each of the other three—Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson and Evelyn Greeley—has attained stardom and



Just about this time Essanay suspended operations to a large extent and Virginia Valli, tossing a mental coin between the rival attractions of Hollywood and New York, chose the latter. Here she was soon busy and made "The Black Circle" with Creighton Hale, "The Very Idea" with Taylor Holmes, "The Deadline" and "The Plunger" with George Walsh, "The Silver Lining" with Jewel Carmen, and "Love's Penalty" with Hope Hampton. The latest picture completed in the East was "Sentimental Tommy," in which she played the stately role of Lady Alice Pippinworth, in a blonde wig and mid-Victorian costumes.

The steady high quality of her work, her beauty and charm, and the versatility displayed in the alternation of her dramatic, comedy and character roles, had brought Virginia Valli firmly into the circle of film favorites, not only among the "fans" but also among the producers. Shortly after the conclusion of "Sentimental Tommy," she was engaged to play opposite Bert Lytell in "The Man Who," filmed in Metro's New York studios, on location in Jacksonville, Florida—and in Hollywood. For even before the conclusion of this picture her work had so impressed Director Maxwell Karger, as well as the star, that she was signed up to play at least two more pictures opposite Lytell. And on the same day that she finished "The Man Who," she started her work on "A Trip to Paradise," the screen adaptation of the Theatre Guild's current success, "Liliom." In so doing, she established a record for speed and efficiency that made all Hollywood gasp in friendly admiration.

In fact her own trip West is aptly described by the title of the picture in which she is now playing, for Virginia Valli is now Mrs. Demarest Lamson. They were married just a week before they left New York by the same Justice Mead of Greenwich, Connecticut, who officiated in the Dorothy Gish-James Rennie and Constance Talmadge-John Pialoglou nuptials. Besides being her honeymoon trip, however, the voyage to Hollywood is veritably "A Trip to Paradise" because at last Virginia can indulge to the utmost in her beloved outdoor sports.

With what dash she rides her polo pony and knocks the ball for a goal, with what vim she swings her tennis racket against the felt-covered ball, with what swing she slaps the gutta percha golf spheroid with her trusty driver, with what snap she cuts the still waters of the outdoor swimming pool in a strong trudgen stroke—some champ! Yet when she is indoors, it's a book or a picture, an occasional play or a social visit, that forms her off-stage activities. And there never was a more girlishly demure, quiet little body than this same Virginia Valli—for she keeps her maiden name in her work, of course—who looked like the

female wonder of the athletic a couple of hours before.

She comes to her golfing skill by heredity as well as a lot of practice. For her father was a prominent player in the Middle Western championship tournaments of the last decade and little Virginia was swinging a miniature driver and a brassie at the age when her contemporaries were mothering their first dolls—and being a young woman of varied interests even then as well as today, she also had as big a collection of

dolls as any other girl on her street. The practice came when the redoubtable Chick Evans saw her playing in a foursome at the South Shore Country Club links and when he learned that she was that rare bird—a girl who took her golf seriously—he saw to it that she received the best possible instruction in this noble Scotch pastime; in other words, he taught her himself. Consequently, there isn't a golf fan in the United States who is following the dispatches from England with more zest and optimism than Miss Valli. Her tennis was perfected at the Forest Hills courts where the international Davis Cup matches are held in this country; the polo fields at Mead-

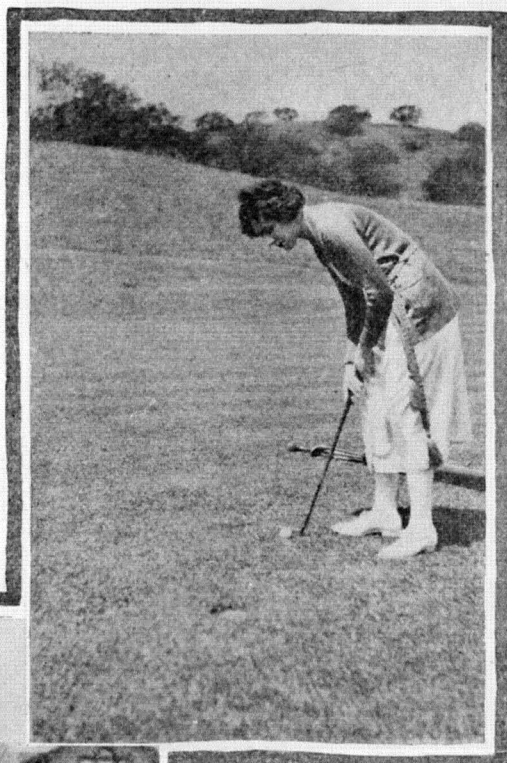
owbrook know her well. Yet her interest and proficiency in these activities does not blind her to the necessity of sticking close to her metaphorical knitting; and so she keeps her outdoor life strictly as recreation.

The books she took on the trip West indicates clearly the literary tastes of this all-round girl. There was "Main Street," that remarkable picture of small town life which Virginia Valli knows so intimately through her own experience; "The Sheik," a strong English novel which will soon serve as a screen vehicle for the lovely Agnes Ayres, "Enter Madame," the dramatic hit of the New York stage this season, one of O'Brien's colorful South Sea tales, a collection of the best English and American verse, and Francis Ouimet's latest book on golf. But after passing Chicago and getting into the real West, her chief interest was in the towns through which they passed, the rich fields and crops, and the numerous types of people that were her train mates. For she holds—and rightly, too—that there is no more interesting study than one's fellow men, which is especially true for the actor

and the actress.

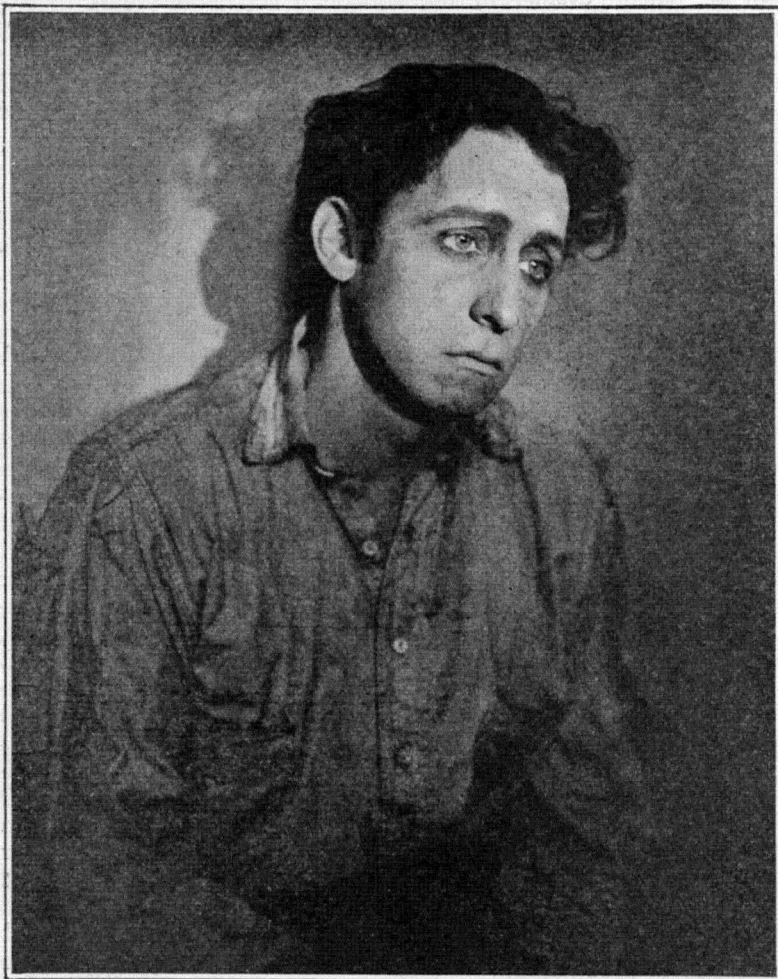
She's the kind of girl you like on first meeting (that's not unusual) and who continually improves with acquaintance (that is unusual!). When she was invited to join a party of film stars who were to be guests of Marcus Loew at the opening of one of his theatres, she never suspected that one of the reasons for the invitation was to give Director Karger and Bert Lytell an opportunity to observe her at close range. For although they were intimate with her screen work, the

(Continued on page 56)



Building Characters

By Jerome Lachenbruch



Ray—in character

Photo by Clarence Bull

“YOU may talk of gin and beer, when you’re quartered safe out here,” the facetious interviewer was moved to quote when he found Raymond Hatton hiding behind a tall glass with a straw in it, on the porch of his Los Angeles home. “There’s more where this came from,” was Mr. Hatton’s cheerful welcome. The following few minutes of expectancy were punctuated by the hospitable activities of Mrs. Raymond Hatton; and the interviewer, listening with practised ear, knew that he would soon gain the courage to carry on the indiscretions of interviewing. During the short social interval, the mental picture of a slender, medium sized man with large, alive blue eyes, a wide, mobile mouth, fine, light brown hair and a countenance that changed at a word, was established in the interviewer’s mind.

“Well,” began Mr. Hatton, after a pause, “I’m ready now, fire away.”

Then the interviewer discovered that Mrs. Hatton had made it impossible for him to be clever. Perhaps it was a scheme of the Hatton family to avoid being interviewed. At any rate, it was Mr. Hatton who did most of the interviewing.

“How do you like chasing after us to make us say what you

want to hear?” Mr. Hatton remarked, as he lifted his glass to hide a grin.

“Fairly well, when once my quarry is cornered.”

“And then?”

“I suppose you know,” replied the interviewer, as he realized that he was not getting any closer to his subject, “that your thousand and one faces have aroused some interest among the millions who see your chameleon-like changes on the screen.”

“And now you want to know some secret method I have, some elixir of make-up, or other little things like that.” Raymond Hatton laughed. Presently, he stretched his legs and elaborated upon his own suggestions.

“There’s no secret about character acting,” he said. “It’s all hard work. Make-up is secondary. A good character actor carries his make-up box in his head, and the fullness of his equipment is tested by the variety of changes he is able to contrive.”

“Then all good actors are character actors?”

“That goes without saying. Acting is far less a question of make-up than one of intelligence,” replied Mr. Hatton. For those who have not followed his career, he has appeared recently in various diversified roles in the Goldwyn pictures, “Jes’ Call Me Jim,” “The Concert,” and “All’s Fair in Love.”

Previous to this, Mr. Hatton created distinctive characterizations in numerous other productions. His first experience on the stage was obtained as a boy in the role of “Jack” in the play, “The House That Jack Built.” Then followed ten years of illuminating drudgery in traveling stock companies. When Mr. Hatton decided to try his fortune on the screen, he had to begin as an “extra” at a salary of \$5.00

a day. However, he didn’t work every day. But his ability soon won him a steady position in the Mack Sennet forces in the Keystone Comedy days. Mr. Hatton made so pronounced an impression in these comedies that he has been widely sought after ever since.

After Mr. Hatton had related some of his experiences, his ability to impersonate a great variety of characters no longer seemed uncanny. When asked how he builds up a characterization, he smiled and said:

“If I am assigned the role of a man who would wear red flannels in ordinary life, I wear them in order to get the ‘feel’ of the character. If he would smoke a clay pipe, I discard my brier and start coloring a two-penny clay pipe. It is rather hard to act up to a part unless you are dressed for it; but once this is done, the rest is easy. All you have to do is to appreciate the relationship



Another character

of your character with the others and act accordingly."

"But isn't that what every player thinks he does?"

"He may think he does, but he doesn't think hard enough. One must fairly cook with an idea, yet restrain it until the bubbling process has reached the boiling point. Then if the actor lets himself go, he cannot fail to express the emotion he is experiencing at the moment. Old man Debureau knew this perfectly. He knew that the pantomimist thinks a character as it moves from episode to episode, restrains expression momentarily, and then suddenly takes off the brakes of repression. Anyone who can do that can act."

Like all successful exponents of the art of pantomime, Mr. Hatton considers the body no less an important instrument for expression than the face.

"Sometimes, the shoulders seen from the rear, will tell more than any facial distortion. What can be more typical of characterization through particular parts of the body than Will Rogers' use of his legs in hobo parts? His lazy shuffle is a work of art."

For every character Mr. Hatton portrays, he is a different person. He never forgets that Raymond Hatton is a person "living private," and that on the screen he is Weelum in the Goldwyn production of "Bunt Pulls the Strings," or Craigh Randolph in "All's Fair in Love." Perhaps that is why Mr. Hatton is seldom publicly recognized as he moves from picture to picture, giving such vivid characterizations that photoplay critics have raised him, by their unstinted admiration for his powers, from the rank of an "extra" to that of a highly-valued player of difficult roles.

Despite the infinite care that Mr. Hatton takes in building up a role, and the evident delight his art gives him, acting is not the only passion that Mr. Hatton pursues with all the vigor of the youthful enthusiast. His home in Los Angeles is a miniature garden spot, the work of his own hands. Before the day's work at the studios begins, Mr. Hatton may be seen among his flowers, loosening the earth about a bush or pulling up a few truant weeds that had so forgotten themselves as to stick up their heads overnight in his private preserves. And when the day's tasks are over, Mr. Hatton may be found driving himself, harnessed to a lawn mower, over one of the smoothest grass plots on the west coast. Holidays find him sprinkling his



Ray—as he really is

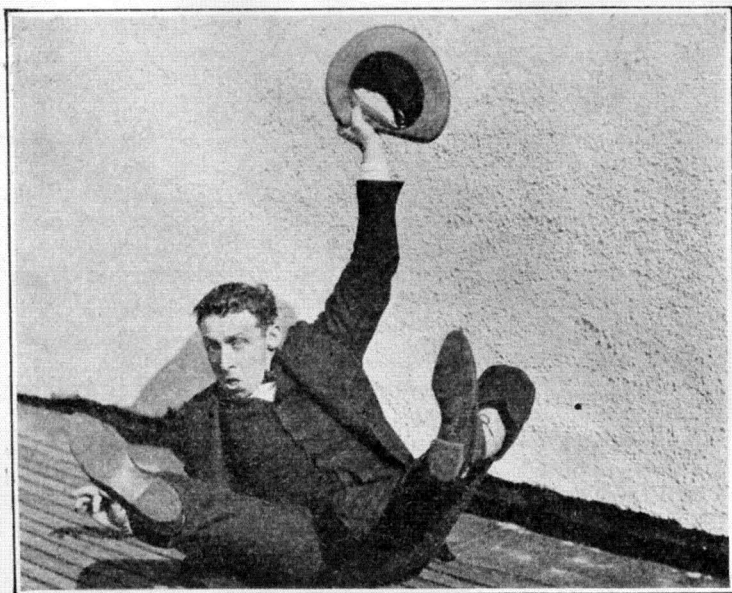
Photo by Clarence Bull

trees with some insect-destroying liquid. This healthful employment of his leisure hours is the best antidote for the artificial life of the studios, Mr. Hatton believes.

"It gives one the chance to become acquainted with things as they are, and makes one forget that one has been living all day under the glare of spot lights and beneath a coat of grease paint," he remarked. "Nothing is quite so balancing for the mind as well as for the body as a little physical tilt with nature. One cannot measure the satisfaction one gets from seeing things grow from seeds. Plants and flowers become living things when one nurses them along from day to day."

This personal attitude of Mr. Hatton to the flowers that he "raises by hand," is indicative of his sympathy and understanding. Without these qualities highly developed, he could hardly have gotten under the skin of such a varied number of characters as he has successfully interpreted on the screen.

Mr. Hatton is a product of America's middle west. He was born in Red Oak, Iowa, and soon afterwards his parents moved to Des Moines, where he was educated. It was here that his first stage appearance was made while he was still a boy. His father, Dr. John B. Hatton, is a well-known practitioner; and his mother, Anna Mathews, is a direct descendant of Elizabeth K. Mathews, who came to America with the Pilgrim founders of New England. Following the example of many of the sturdy builders of American traditions, a branch of the Mathews family trekked westward in the days of the prairie schooner and the Indian trail, and helped to establish one of the thousands of mid-western towns that, in our day, are giving more than their numerical quota of talent to



Ray takes a tumble

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Can This Be Art?

By Howard Irving Young

A SHORT time ago I became engaged in conversation with a gentleman of the cinema of the type known in popular phrase as a "movie magnate." When I met him he seemed to be in excellent humor, but when we parted he regarded me with a chilling stare, for during the period between I had ventured, with no great degree of dogmatic assertiveness, to disagree with him on a question of nomenclature. While our discussion was still in those pleasant conversational channels to which all polite intercourse should be confined, I had used the word "craft" in referring to the motion pictures. He corrected me instantly by jabbing a sharp forefinger in my midrib. "Art! Art!" he shouted. I removed the forefinger by stepping backward two paces and continued my remarks.

Thus the first crisis passed. A few moments later I again spoke of the cinema as a "craft." As I happened to be praising, although somewhat mildly, one of his own productions, I could not understand the hostile glare that followed. I paused in the middle of an infinitive and forgot to close my mouth. "Why do you persist in calling the motion picture art a 'craft'?" he demanded. "Since when has it been an art?" I countered. "Since when! Good heavens, man, since I put out 'The Pirates of the Skies,' back in 1915. I thought everybody knew that. Every trade paper in the industry spoke of that film as the biggest one ever put on the market—yes, the best seller in the business—and said that it marked the beginning of an epoch in the New Art." He paused to catch up with his breath.

"Trade! Industry! Market! Business!" I muttered. "What do you say?" he bellowed. I wisely said nothing. "The whole trouble with the business is you fellows who go around knocking it," he continued. "Calling it a 'craft!' Every scenario writer and press agent on my staff has his orders to refer to it always as 'The Art.' With a capital A, mind you. No 'crafts' go around my works, I'm telling you. Look what the pictures did to the one-night shows in the tank towns. Drove 'em off the map, didn't they? Could they have done it if they weren't Art? I'm asking you."

I fled. His logic was as leaky as his mind was impervious. How could he be made to see the folly of calling the cinema an industry and an art in the same breath? And yet his fault is a common one in that honorable *craft* that entertains, instructs, and thrills its millions nightly. While emphasizing, in such belligerent fashion, their claims to be regarded as artists, engaged in the promulgation of an "Art" that equals, if not surpasses, all other arts, they express themselves in terms of the workshop and the factory. They are members of "The Motion Picture Industry," yet they are the exponents of "The New Art." They are about as short-sighted as the

man who tried to corner the copper market by saving Lincoln pennies. Instead of accepting the distinction that is theirs by right of their achievements in an enterprising craft that has arisen from nothing to its present gigantic size in twenty short years, they lay siege to the Citadel of the Arts, demanding to be admitted as resident members, and showing as their credentials a certificate, prepared by a statistician, to prove that theirs is the fifth largest industry in these United States. To any serious person the situation is laughably tragic.

With the influx of Wall Street money and modern business efficiency, the production of motion pictures was placed on a level with the tinning of sardines or the manufacture of yeast cakes.

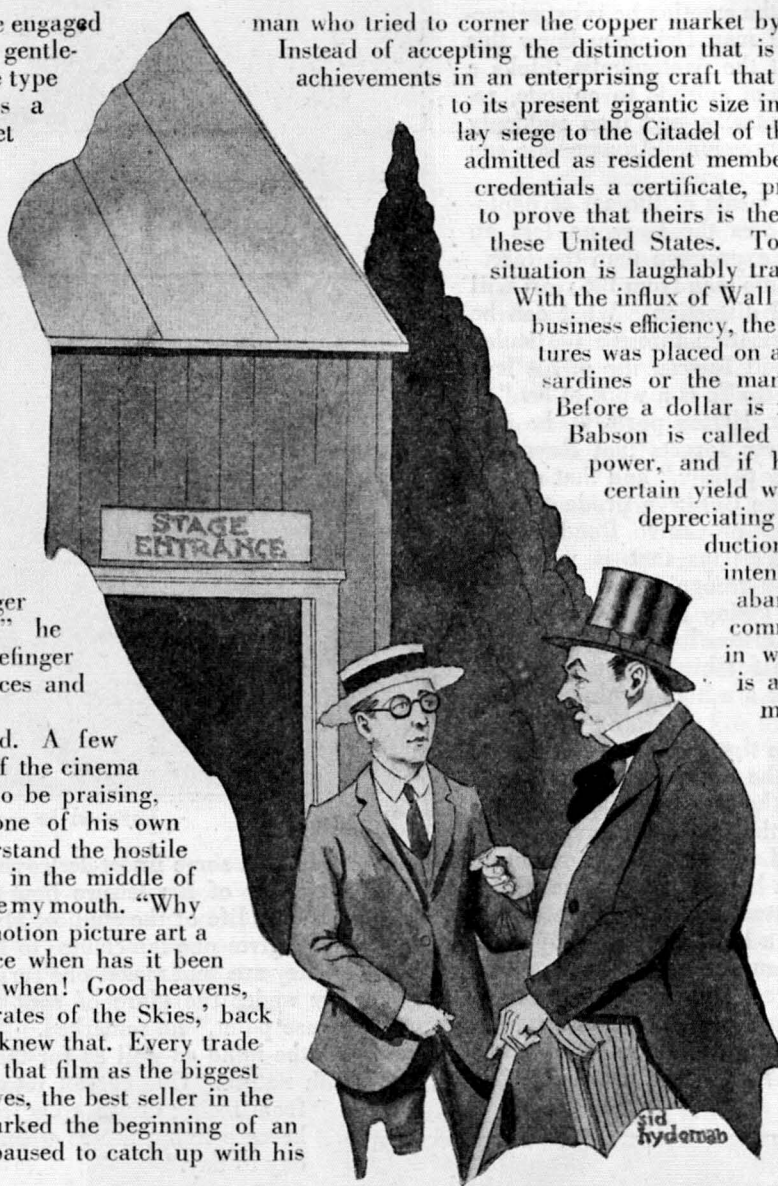
Before a dollar is risked nowadays a Roger Babson is called in to chart its earning power, and if he cannot prove that its certain yield will be fifty cents, without depreciating its initial value, the production for which that dollar was intended is almost certainly abandoned. It is a matter of commerce, of barter and sale, in which the ultimate hazard is as negligible as an investment in treasury certificates.

Not for one moment do I discount the potentialities of art that are contained in the cinema. I do not agree with the scoffers and denouncers who pretend that nothing of lasting beauty can come to us through the camera lens nor do I hold with the critics who maintain that the cinema can never be an art in its own name because it is something possessing no individuality of its own, a doubtful combination of drama, painting, sculpture, and literature.

Architecture is a fine art none the less because painting, drawing and sculpture give it its character. I know that the motion pictures can reach the high level of an art because I have seen, through the murky clouds of commercial exploitation, brief flashes of genius that have illuminated, for a fleeting instant, the whole landscape. These are such flashes as a Griffith, a Lubitsch, or an Ingram can produce when the heavy hand of financial control is lifted from their souls.

Through a mere reiteration of the phrase "This is Art" by the exploitation sharps and the great army of motion picture press agents, the public at large may at last come to believe and to worship with awe that which they now regard as more or less agreeable entertainment. It is not impossible. Fifty million people now masticate a certain brand of chewing gum because a hundred million advertisements on billboards, in magazines, and in newspapers have told them that it is the only brand worth chewing. The same fifty million, in whom

(Continued on page 53)



"Art! Art!" he shouted



BEBE DANIELS

A new study of our own dear Bebe, who has changed no whit after her term in jail—unless perhaps she seems a bit nicer than ever to those of us who have missed her for ten days



Photo Copyrighted by Evans, L. A.

JACKIE COOGAN

He's "The Kid"—that's all



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser, L. A.

ANITA STEWART

One of the loveliest of the lovely, Anita Stewart is a veteran of the films who deserves her ever-increasing popularity



ANTONIO MORENO

His friends say he is "just plain Antonio Moreno," but his costumes belie the thought that he is unassuming or even "plain." Invariably, Tony is fantastic, as will be borne out by the accompanying photographs

While at home in straight or character parts, Mr. Moreno stresses the latter and is more often found in foreign costume than in a frock coat and top hat. This fact may be ascribed to his Spanish emanation, but can we blame his competent Chinese characterization on that?





Photo by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

GLORIA SWANSON

The first showing of "The Great Moment" will probably mark another great moment for Gloria, for that's the name of her first starring picture—and incidentally Elinor Glyn's first original story for the screen



Photo by Edwin Thayer Monroe, N. Y.

RUBY DE REMER

Many have called her the most beautiful woman of the screen. We know that she certainly is one of the chosen few. Ruby will be seen shortly in a film version of Oppenheim's "Passersby"



Photo by Mandeville, L. A.

BETTY BLYTHE

The most beautiful woman who ever lived—that's what history says of the Queen of Sheba. And many agreed when they saw her reincarnation in Betty Blythe. In a recent vote taken at Princeton University Betty supplanted Maude Adams and Norma Talmadge as the favorite of the students

Do You Want To Go Into Pictures?

By James Kirkwood

IF YOU had a son and you wished him to be a doctor, you probably would send him to a doctor for advice. The physician would probably offer some such counsel as this:

"No, my friend, I wouldn't advise medicine as a career. It is a hard grind with comparatively poor remuneration—bad hours, mental wear, expensive college course—. Why don't you go in for law? Now there's a profession for you!"

And so your son, fired by the sage old doctor's advice, goes to the lawyer. The lawyer says:

"Never take up law. It's all right if you land high as some corporation attorney, but it's a long, hard road and most of them starve at first. Very few can accumulate a fortune without being crooked. Why don't you go in for farming? Now there's independence, wealth and everything you could ask for!"

But the farmer happens to be a movie fan, and, being an honest man himself, believes all the glittering accounts he reads of movie salaries. So, noticing that your son is handsome, frank and genial, he possibly—just possibly—may send him to me.

And I would say—. No, but I won't follow the conventional course by putting on pessimistic spectacles to regard my own profession.

I consider the profession of acting the finest in the world. I wouldn't be anything else than an actor. For a while I was a director—and a director's business is fine, too—but I have come back to acting forevermore.

Because I have had experience in different departments of the film industry, your editor is sending you to me for advice. He warns me to warn you. Well, I guess you have been warned enough about the pitfalls of the road to fame in the movies. The road to fame in any business has pitfalls, but you'll never get any place unless you have the courage to leap obstacles.

I don't believe there is a business in the world which offers such generous returns for the amount of work, intelligence and sincerity invested as the motion picture. It pays big dividends to its workers—if not always to its stockholders!

Now every boy worth his salt has a problem before him to choose his profession. Some have a profession thrust upon them, some are born to it, particularly abroad where they follow the lead of their fathers, and some must choose. The American boy invariably chooses.

Now most fellows look around them at the leading citizens in their home town. They see merchants, doctors, lawyers, politicians, insurance men, interior decorators, and artisans of all sorts. They, of course, see movie actors on the screen, but unless they live in Los Angeles or New York they are not liable to come into personal contact with any. They read of tremendous salaries and sudden success. Perhaps they read



Photo by Mandeville, L. A.

James Kirkwood

James Kirkwood, actor and director, now turns author and advisor for the benefit of the readers of FILMPLAY JOURNAL. Mr. Kirkwood will write a series of articles on motion pictures as a career for young men and young women.

Mr. Kirkwood's experience fits him singularly for such revelation and instruction. Here are some of the interesting highlights of his successful career:

Two years on the stage with David Belasco and Henry Miller.

Played in one-reel films under direction of D. W. Griffith when Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and Henry B. Walthall were playing bits.

Was the first to be made director by Griffith.

Directed "Classmates," the first four-reel picture, with Henry B. Waltham, Marshall Neilan, Blanche Sweet and Gertrude Robinson.

Directed Mary Pickford in nine pictures, commencing with "Eagle's Mate," in which he played the leading male role.

Appeared recently as leading man in "The Luck of the Irish," "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Man, Woman and Marriage," "The Scoffer," "Love," "In the Heart of a Fool" and "The Forbidden Thing."

Is now the highest-paid leading man in pictures.

Will be featured shortly in "A Wise Fool" and "The Great Impersonation," two Paramount pictures.—The Editor.

these accounts cynically. But even if they believe what they read, some one always smears on the gloom with "Ah, yes, that's all right, but it takes a peculiar sort of talent to be an actor—you've got to be handsome and have personality and genius." You may not be able to see any of these valuable attributes in the players on your local screen, yet you feel that these persons *must* possess something—an intangible *something*—which you lack. Such is the tradition that has grown about the stage and screen, simply because the workers in such professions are not local and hence cannot be observed as they go about their business.

On the other hand, there are many of you—I daresay I am talking to many of this type—who have a supreme confidence in your beauty and mentality. I know that you have, for you write me fan letters describing ideal camera features, brains and all the other gifts which the gods give so sparingly to most of us. You have them all! Of course, you'll be modest and say that others have told you so, etc., etc. Well, if you have so much confidence in yourself, why waste your time writing letters telling about it? Why not go after a job and fight to prove your ability? Enlist! Don't wait to be drafted.

It is very difficult to talk to an audience of people of which you know nothing. If I were speaking to a crowd of college fellows I'd say things that I wouldn't say to a crowd of immigrants at Ellis Island. I'd feel that the natural intelligence of college men would grasp my points and apply them to themselves more honestly and wisely than would the immigrants. Educated men are less egotistical than uneducated. They have learned along with other things to know themselves—to some extent, at least.

Because it is so much easier to speak to intelligent people

(Continued on page 56)



Photo Copyrighted by Hoppe

A NNA Q. NILSSON was born in Ystad—that doesn't mean a thing unless you know that Ystad is a smallish town somewhere in Sweden. It seems incredible to us over here that the cold snows and the bleak forests of Scandinavia could have produced so vivacious a personality, so dazzling a beauty and so dramatic a talent as she possesses. For these are the factors—combined with plenty of perseverance and hard work—that have brought Anna Q. Nilsson to the top-most ranks of the screen's favorites. This is where she is today; for although the passing of the unlamented star system may have robbed her of the pleasure of seeing her name in foot-high letters, it has given her a more lavish opportunity to display her artistry, her versatility and her charm in the greater variety of characterizations she has created recently.

She has just completed playing opposite John Barrymore under the direction of Marshall Neilan in "The Lotus Eaters," by Albert Payson Terhune—there's a combination to tickle the palate of the film fan, and Anna Q. Nilsson is its feminine exponent. For the well merited idolization of John Barrymore as the leading romantic actor of the day, on the stage as well as the screen, has brought it about that the engagement of an actress to play opposite him is like the conferring of the Congressional Medal. Millions served in our fighting forces, but only a couple of scores of the medals were issued; and Miss Nilsson has just been decorated with filmdom's most brilliant engagement.

We have seen a lot of Anna Q. Nilsson on our screens recently—the Allan Dwan Productions filmed for Mayflower, "The Luck of the Irish" and "In the Heart of a Fool," were followed by Edmund Jose's production for Associated Exhibitors, "What Women Will Do," and the Sawyer-Lubin picture recently released by Metro, "Without Limit." These days, there is no greater sinecure in all the motion picture world than that of the man who acts as Miss Nilsson's manager; for the producer today selects from the field those artists who can insure the success of his picture and Anna Q. Nilsson's name in the cast is the best form of insurance for any production's success.

Anna from Ystad

By George Landy

But—there were other days not so sunny; when the howl of the well-known wolf was heard outside of her door as insistently terrifying as at that of the most nondescript extra during the days of non-production. Miss Nilsson—or rather Anna Q., for that's what all her friends and admirers call her, with the familiarity we always assume toward those we look up to and love at the same time—is fond of telling stories of those lean days. Here's one of them:

"It had been so long since my last engagement that I felt as forlorn as the Sphinx; I still had credit but my bills had reached a total that approached the national debt—and then I got the shock of my life when the postman brought me a check for a week's salary, so long overdue that I would have sold it for a Connecticut dime. I felt that the age of miracles was still with us—paid off my most threatening creditors—and found myself with a couple of dollars in real American money. And then a friend of mine invited me to a baccarat club—I love the game, just as I am fond of all card games, since I think they are great recreation—and I sat down to play. A stack of chips was handed to me, 'fives, tens and twenty-fives'—nickels, dimes and quarters was what they meant to me; this way, the stack was just within my cash capital and that was so little that I figured I might as well be broke as the way I was. So I had a merry old time, playing with the reckless abandon of a war profiteer at Monte Carlo—and, of course, I won. At the end of the evening, the chips were cashed; and I thought I had been overpaid a hundred times, only to learn that those numerals represented dollars instead of cents. Under the circumstances—that is, since I'd won—it was wonderful; but if I had lost



Photo by Evans, L. A.

that much, I'd probably be still working it out. I shudder every time I think of it!"

That seemed to break the back of the hoodoos, however, and from then on Famous Players—Lasky, Select, Goldwyn, Selznick, Metro and a host of independent producers have all vied with each other to keep her busier than the proverbial bee.

There is plenty of speed in her work, plenty of "pep" or fire—call it what you will—but every characterization of Anna Q. Nilsson's from "Molly Pitcher," her first film in the old Kalem days, down to the present Barrymore picture, shows a polished repose and a finished technique that explain her ever-increasing, universal popularity. She has a rare blonde beauty, a wealth of dramatic talent, a wide experience—and a conscience! She loves to go to the theater, to dance at parties and all the other pastimes you would expect her to enjoy—but, while she's on a picture, they are taboo. She not only says that, she actually practices it. Perhaps it's the Ystad influence; if it is, the town should be moved en toto to Hollywood or Long Island.

HAVE you ever been out to a studio and watched all the time wasted by everyone else concerned in the production waiting until the star nonchalantly arrives an hour or more late and then kills another hour in making up, only to decide finally that she has forgotten the ten-carat solitaire she wore the day before and which she must have again, since the same scene is to be continued? The average screen star can give a master plumber cards and spades when it comes to wasting time. And as for temperament, if the pet poodle or parakeet has the distemper or a ruffled feather (that is, respectively) the panic is on. Many of the players seem to regard a display of temperament as vital as the star on the dressing room door is to the barnstorming trouper. It is the world's most useless thing—but it must be there!

Perhaps it's another Ystad heritage—although it's a lot more fair to give the credit to Miss Nilsson personally—but that kind of temperament is as absent from her make-up as from an army cook's. To her, the studio's hours are precious—a nine a. m. call means nine a. m. and she gives every minute to the job at hand. It may be that strict production efficiency such as exists in machine shops cannot be applied to the production of motion pictures; but it certainly would be a great help to every one concerned—and that includes you and me, Friend Reader—if every film actor took his job as seriously as does Anna Q. For instance, during the luncheon hour—does Anna Q. dawdle over her viands—a female star eats only "viands"—or loiter about? She does not. She has her lunch and takes a nap to rest her eyes from the glare of the studio lights. And when the clock strikes four, she is still at it—eclipsing the well-known freshness of the daisy brigade.

Anna Q. Nilsson is more than a talented actress with beauty, charm, distinction, and a conscience—she is "real people." That's the greatest thing of all. And, after all, that's what we call "personality," and that's what makes the screen player stand out, as it does in every walk of life. Ystad or Paris, Ekaterinoslav or New York—it's not a matter of birthplace, of training, of experience, of beauty or of technique. The charm that captivates us most is the individual equation—that something which takes the player of bits and raises her up the ladder to the topmost rung. That's where Miss Nilsson is today; and that's why she got there!

It is easy to understand the "why" of her present eminence when you meet her. In my case, it was during the filming of an interior for "The Lotus Eaters," a tremendous scene with scores of extras dancing around in the whirl of a festive party. The jazz band played, the young people whirled, the cameras clicked; but we bystanders felt the bleakness of the great studio and the hollowness of the unreality—until Anna Q. Nilsson entered the scene. She brought the sunshine of her personality into that assemblage as concretely as though a bank of sunlight arcs, the strongest lights made, had been turned on the scene. And, when she stepped off the set the



Photo by Hoover, L. A.

glow of her presence seemed to linger and enliven the work of the other players. It was then that we met her and heard the story of those other days not so pleasant; she smiled and shuddered over the baccarat story even more than we did. No one can ever say of Anna Q., "I knew her when"—she is as approachable, as pleasant, as "regular" as she ever was. And that's saying a lot.

"It's a sort of privilege and joy to work on this picture," said she. "To play opposite John Barrymore and under Marshall Neilan is a liberal education to any girl; and it's a joy at the same time, for the gaining of such rich experience means just that to me. I play the part of the girl whom Mr. Barrymore sees on his twenty-fifth birthday—his first day off the ship on which he had sailed since his birth. By the terms of his father's will, he was to meet no woman and stay aboard ship until he reached that age. Since I was the first girl he had ever seen, he falls in love with me. . . ."

WE SHALL not spoil the story for you by telling you the rest of it. But if you have seen Anna Q. Nilsson on the screen, or some of her pictures in the magazines, you know mighty well that the man played by Mr. Barrymore would have fallen in love with her, if he had met thousands of women. For so would you—and so would I—and so would any of us of the lesser sex. That's the kind of girl she is—that's why we are all so keen for her on the screen—and that's why even those who have never met her call her Anna Q.

As this goes to press, Miss Nilsson will be arriving in Sweden whither she has gone to visit her mother and also to take advantage of several long-standing invitations to make personal appearances at the numerous Scandinavian film palaces that show her every picture to enthusiastic audiences. For here is one prophet who is honored even in her own country—to the Swedish film fan, Anna Querenia is only one step below actual divinity. This short tour will be followed by a brief visit to London and then a blissful fortnight of shopping in Paris. The trophies of her chase along the Rue de la Paix will be seen in the productions that are awaiting her return to New York late this summer.

Just as the nations of Europe fell before the young man who came from tiny Corsica—so the entire film world has been captivated by Anna from Ystad.

Heard on Broadway



Francine Larrimore is the farmerette and ex-society flapper in "Nice People," which will remain at the Klaw Theatre all summer



Above is Walter Hampden as Macbeth. Mr. Hampden has left New York after a season in Shakespeare, and will tour the country with a repertoire of Bard of Avon's plays



Stuart Sage, Edward Ellis and Effie Ellsler in a scene from that thriller of all thrillers, "The Bat"

Over the Wire

Fictionized from the Metro Photoplay

By Pete Curran

TO BE guardian angel to an extremely irresponsible young man is not an enviable task at any time. Yet little Kathleen Dexter had been a combination of father and mother to her younger brother for more than ten years. Born and reared in luxury provided by fabulous wealth, Terry Dexter, instead of availing himself of these resources to aid him in achieving an ambition, had used this abundance to indulge his passion for gambling, and, worse, had proved himself ready and willing to use the money of others when his own plentiful supply was exhausted.

In the last few days Kathleen's keen eyes had noticed the nervous agitation in her brother's manner. She questioned him closely without eliciting the slightest information as to the cause. At these times she kept a close watch over him, and by this means usually discovered the reason for his anxiety. Little did she dream of the seriousness or the tragic sequence to follow this, his latest escapade.

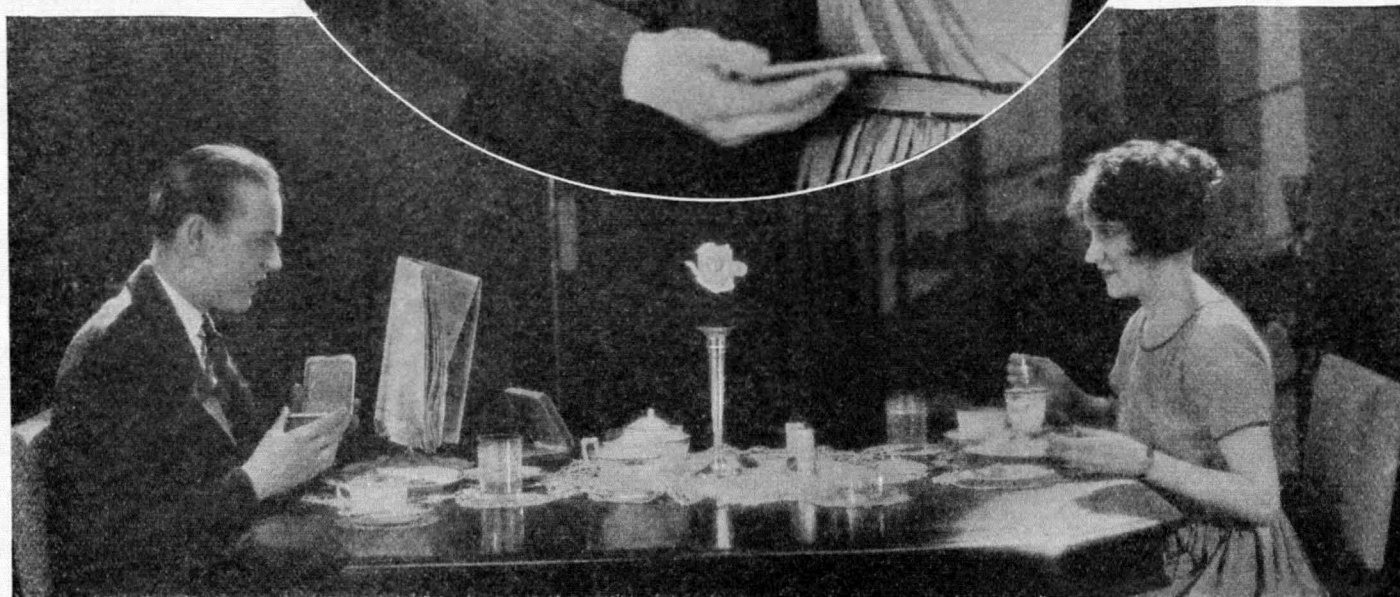
Some days later Terry was aroused from his late morning sleep by the irritating persistency of the telephone bell. In answer to his irri-

table "Hello" the big voice of John Grannan boomed over the wire. Terry's naturally pallid face blanched. He had not thought to be discovered so soon.

"Yes, I'll be right over, Mr. Grannan," he replied to the peremptory voice.

Slowly he dressed and deliberated over the excuse he would offer Grannan. He was afraid of the older man; afraid because he was conscious of the other's knowledge of his despicable activities. The ride down town was fraught with suspense, and the mental agony of uncertainty.

If he could only be sure that Grannan would let him off on account of the friendship of long standing between the Dexter and the Grannan families, then he could face the financial magnate with some show of confidence. But he was not sure of anything, and the suspense was becoming unbearable. He did not know whether to sigh with relief or shiver in fright when he was finally ushered into the big man's office. "Sit down," said Grannan, and his contempt for the young weakling was betrayed in his voice. Going straight to the





point he continued. "You've embezzled twenty thousand dollars of my money, and, if you don't mind,"—he could not withhold the sarcasm—"I'd like to know what you did with it."

"I—er—bought Imperial Gold—I thought—" he replied, in a faltering voice.

"You thought?" said Grannan, with quiet intensity. "You're not capable of thought worth anything. The only thing you seem to be able to do well is to disgrace your sister, and make a blackguard of yourself. The best thing that could happen to you is to be sent to jail where you'd be out of harm's way."

"For God's sake, Mr. Grannan, you won't send me to prison? I'll do anything to make good. I'll work for you until every cent of the money I took is paid back. I'll—I'll—." Terry sagged down into a chair unable to continue.

Grannan thought a few minutes before he spoke again. "I have never met your sister, though I have heard a good deal about her. It was for her sake, as well as the memory of your parents' friendship, that I have tried to make a man of you, and it is for her sake that I am going to give you another chance. If I see that you are making an honest effort to repay me, then I will give you all the time you need. On the other hand, if you return to your old haunts and habits I'll send you to prison. Go!"

Terry went, congratulating himself on the ease with which he had gotten out of an awkward situation. There would be

no need to let Kathleen know anything about this unpleasant business now, he decided. He would find some means of repaying the debt without having to call on her for the cash. And, naturally, he turned to cards. Again and again he went to the places he knew where the stakes were high, and returned home almost as many times the loser. With the determination to win the amount he needed, he perfected a system of cheating which he believed could not be discovered. In the first game he was caught. In the panic that followed he succeeded in getting away and rushed home more dead than alive. In the hall he met Kathleen, and unable to hide his agitation, he let her lead him into the sitting room and blurted out the whole ugly story.

"If Grannan gets to hear of this he'll send me to prison," he finished desperately.

"He will not," said Kathleen. "You shall take the money to him immediately, and then he'll have no hold on you."

But Grannan had already heard of Terry's new disgrace, and when the boy presented himself at his office with his sister's check, he refused to accept it. Grannan had a plan which would keep Terry out of further trouble, and relieve Kathleen of the responsibility she must feel very keenly.

"You're a cheat as well as a crook, and you're not going to get off so easily as you imagine. Yes, I am going to give you another chance, but one which will not give you the opportunity to abuse my confidence again. I offer you a position in a mine I own in Mexico. You can have a day or so to get ready before leaving. You'd better report here ready for duty on Monday," he added, as an afterthought.

Angered at such a proposal, Terry promptly refused it.

"Then I'll send you to prison," said Grannan relentlessly, and pointed to the door significantly.

Terry looked at the check in his hand, and thought of his indulgent sister. He could not bear the thought of returning the check to her. He knew the constant anxiety that would be hers, knowing that he was still in danger of going to jail. He left Grannan's office in a daze and instead of returning home, went to his down-town apartment. Lacking the courage to face his sister with the returned check, he called her on the telephone.

"Listen, Sis, Grannan refuses to accept your check."

"I'll take it to him, Terry, and I'm sure he will take it from me," she replied.

"It's no use, Kathleen, he's going to have me arrested," said Terry,

neglecting to tell her of the proposed job in Mexico.

There was something in his voice which Kathleen could not define, and which worried her. She urged him to hurry home, but he refused.

"Kathleen, you've been a wonderful sister to me. I'm no good—and—I—love you."

There was a long silence during which Kathleen frantically pleaded with him to come home. She heard a murmured good-bye, and then the loud report of a revolver shot.

The news of the suicide reached Grannan some days later. Was he responsible? This question kept revolving in his mind. He reviewed the circumstances attending the boy's death, and could not help but feel that he had done his best for him. His threat of prison, of course, was a bluff, an effort to awaken some reactionary feeling in Terry's breast. No, not a vestige of blame could be laid at his door. It was



Terry's distorted mind; fear of facing the consequences of his misguided acts that had been responsible for his death.

Kathleen blamed Grannan absolutely and solely for her brother's death. His cruel attitude in refusing her check she felt responsible for the catastrophe. She vowed vengeance; vowed to ruin this murderer of her brother. With this object in view, she visited the office of James Swyford, a bitter rival of Grannan's on the "street," a man whom she had met through friends, and whose true character was unknown to her. Swyford was one of those leeches who based his activities on the theory, "get money; honestly if you can, but—get money."

"We cannot fail if we work together, Kathleen," he told during their conference. "We'll have him begging for mercy, we'll break him completely. He can't get away with what he did to you and Terry without paying," he finished, with the smile of a hypocrite, a smile passed unnoticed by Kathleen who was too elated at the prospect of getting even with Grannan.

Later, with a letter of introduction from Swyford, and under the *nom de plume* of Kate Curlew, she presented herself at the general office of the Grannan Company and was engaged immediately as a stenographer. Following out a prearranged program, she worked diligently, eagerly taking advantage of every opportunity that came her way to reveal her ability and earn promotion. After many months of fruitful endeavor she was appointed assistant to John Grannan's personal secretary. At last the time had arrived when she could make use of Swyford.

The next few days she devoted to gathering information of her employer's proposed activities on "change." One day she sent a hurried note to Swyford asking him to call at her home that evening. On his arrival he inquired eagerly what line of attack Grannan would adopt.

"If you follow my instructions explicitly we shall break him tomorrow," said Kathleen, triumphantly. "Now listen carefully. When steel drops tomorrow buy all you can on margins. He is going to push it all the way up again. You sell when it is at the peak, and that will make him buy all he can lay hands on in an effort to save himself. You simply can't lose, and it will smash him."

"What a wonderful girl you are," said Swyford, suggestively. He tried to slip his arm around Kathleen's waist. "I love you, Kathleen, and I want you to marry me."

His sudden proposal took Kathleen by surprise.

"You will understand," she said icily, "that my arrangement with you is purely a business one. I have never given you any encouragement, and you have no right to speak to me like this. If anything of this sort occurs again I shall feel compelled to cancel our present arrangement."

"Now, now, there is no need to take my foolishness so seriously as all that," he replied, trying to smooth away her ruffled feel-

ings. "Surely you will not let anything ruin our plans."

His sudden change of attitude revealed the cunning, despicable character of the man, and all the contempt she felt for him was embodied in her reply.

"No, I guess our present plans can stand. But I want you to remember that I am using you to get even with John Grannan. You are not using me as a tool, a spy, to satisfy your greed, and vanity."

While he resented her attitude he dare not admit it openly for fear of losing this unlooked-for opportunity to make of himself a financial success, and have, at the same time, the satisfaction of being responsible for his rival's downfall.

The following morning, Kathleen arrived at the office earlier than usual. She had not slept very well over night. She felt a little guilty at the method she had adopted to ruin Grannan. She came in contact with him frequently now, and he did not seem the kind of cold-blooded villain who would drive anyone to suicide. These doubts were constantly slipping through her mind, and their effect was a combination of uncertainty, and then determination to fulfill her plans to ruin him. A conjured vision of her poor brother was sufficient to eradicate such doubts from her mind.

When John Grannan arrived she furtively watched him pass through the office—tall, handsome, with a commanding presence—she felt a strange pang pass through her. He entered his private office and immediately the activities of the day began. A continual stream of messengers passed to and from his private sanctum, and at noon he left to keep a watchful eye on the progress of his affairs. Toward the end of the day he returned, and she watched him closely for the signs of bitter disappointment and pain she expected to find written on his face, but instead a smile played about the corners of his mouth—the smile meant triumph.

"Well, Miss Curlew," he addressed her, as she entered the room with some papers, "we've had quite a hard day today."

"Yes, sir," she replied. "Rumor rife about here this afternoon said that everything had not gone well with you," she added, trying to elicit the information she desired to hear.

"To an extent the rumor was true," he said, smiling. "I lost about half a million in steel,"—a look of triumph lighted up her face,— "but I more than doubled my loss by pushing up old Imperial a few points," he finished, with another smile towards her.

It would be hard to imagine Kathleen's feelings. He had beaten her as easily as he had his



many rivals on the "street." She hardly knew which way to turn now. She continued her work at his office vaguely hoping that perhaps another opportunity might occur. She could not relinquish her efforts for Terry's sake. Again and again she carried valuable information to Swyford, but always with the same result. It seemed that Grannan was invulnerable.

But an unlooked-for opportunity was advancing in her direction. Grannan began to notice her presence in his office—and he liked it. When Miss Williams, her superior, left his employ, Kathleen was promoted to the responsible position of his personal secretary, a position which put them in closer touch with each other. Grannan's interest in the girl grew rapidly. He was especially pleased with her refinement and obvious good breeding. As time passed their relations developed into intimacy. To still further obscure her identity, Kathleen rented a small room in a quiet section of the city, so that whenever Grannan took her out for an evening—which he did frequently—they would return to the small room which was more in keeping with her salary and position as his secretary than her own sumptuous apartment on Park Avenue. And the inevitable happened. One evening, just as he was about to leave her at the door of her boarding house, he proposed.

"But suppose I do not love you. Anyway, you do not know anything about me, Mr. Grannan," she said.

"That you are—you, is enough," he replied, smiling.

"Very well, then,—I will marry you, John."

He was puzzled at the expression on her face as she gave her consent.

It was not the expression of a girl about to be married. It contained an element of unsatisfied longing hard to account for. However, he dismissed the unpleasant memory in the presence of the happy occupation of preparing for the new life. The news of their marriage came as a surprise to most people. After the ceremony Kathleen took her husband to her own home. He looked around the beautifully furnished place in surprise. Before he could voice his thoughts, however, Kathleen was speaking to him.

"I am Kathleen Dexter, the sister of the boy you murdered," she pointed an accusing finger at him. "I have tried every means in my power to avenge my brother's death, but, I regret to say, without success. I said I'd break you," she continued passionately. "Loss of money means nothing to you. I have tried that. But you have placed in my hands the weapon with which I can reach you at last. That is love. You love me, and I could have loved you as much as I now hate you. But I am as far away from you as the stars in heaven. I have married you to torture you; to shame you. Whatever love you cherish for me now I will kill in the way that will cause you the utmost pain."

"Kathleen, what are you saying?" said Grannan, startled out of his usual self-control by the vehemence of her words. "I had nothing whatever to do with Terry's death. Perhaps in a saner mood you will realize this. I—"

"Saner mood!" she cried. "I am as sane at this moment as you are. Why did you refuse my check? Why

did you drive my brother away with the threat of prison? You are guilty and you know it." And she left him without giving him the opportunity to reply.

With uncontrollable rage Swyford read the announcement of their marriage. The irony of it. They had set out to ruin Grannan, and not only had he beaten them in their financial efforts, but he had won the girl that Swyford had set apart for himself. He could at least humiliate her. He rushed to her home. When he was announced she was alone in the drawing room. She had been hoping he would find sufficient courage to call on her. She confronted him with the satisfaction of having conquered the man who had never been beaten.

"Am I still desirable, Jimmy?" she said, before Swyford could say a word. For a moment he stood there regarding her in puzzled astonishment. Then, quick as a flash he realized the lengths she was willing to go to in order to accomplish her end. "Kathleen, dear," he murmured in ecstasy. "You could not hope for a greater revenge than to leave Grannan, practically on his wedding eve, and come away with me. Why! He would be the laughing stock of the whole city."

For an hour they sat there perfecting plans for their escape. When her husband came home that evening, he found a brief note from Kathleen, merely stating that she had left him to go with the man she loved. John Grannan was not the sort of man to stand idle and watch his wife make a fool of herself. He communicated with a private detective who had been of valuable service to him in business, and who could be relied upon to keep his mouth shut. Within the hour he had the information he was seeking. The

train carrying Kathleen and Swyford to Chicago was flagged while still only a short distance from New York, and the two runaways brought home in the custody of private detectives. Once more back in the drawing room of their home, Grannan stood regarding the cowering Swyford, and the erect, unrelenting figure of his wife. Addressing Swyford, he said:

"If you so much as breathe one word of what's happened, I'll—break your neck,—you—you—blackguard," he finished, furiously, "get out!"

Turning to his wife, he spoke quietly, as though nothing untoward had happened.

"I would never have dared bring you back if I did not believe that deep in your heart you love me. I hate to discuss your poor brother, but, under the circumstances, I believe it advisable to tell just what transpired at my office the day he killed himself."

He told her of the proposed trip to Mexico, and Terry's prompt refusal. Of his idle threat of prison in an effort to arouse some good in the boy. "I shall make arrangements here so that you will not have to tolerate my objectionable presence," he told her. "You shall take one side of the house,

(Continued on page 55)



CAST

Kathleen Dexter.....Alice Lake
John Grannan.....Al Roscoe
Terry Dexter.....George Stewart
James Twyford.....Alan Hale

A Wesley Ruggles Production
Story by Arthur Somers Roche
Adapted by Edward Lowe, Jr.
Assistant Director, Everett Sullivan
Photographed by Allan Siegler
Art Director, J. J. Hughes

"To Err Is Human"

"To Forgive, Divine"

By Charles L. Gartner

WHEN Alexander Pope penned the above lines he must have done so at the request of some sad, but far-sighted, assistant director for special application to present-day movie fans who demand perfection, and nothing but perfection, in modern films.

The average movie fan today seems to take great delight in picking all the flaws he or she possibly can in a picture. Very often the lobby of the theatre on Main street will be filled with irate patrons who will insist that the picture is "rotten" because of a favorite movie sleight-of-hand trick showing the hero walking into a room wearing a polka-dot four-in-hand and going out of the same room a second later with a cravat that sports his college colors.

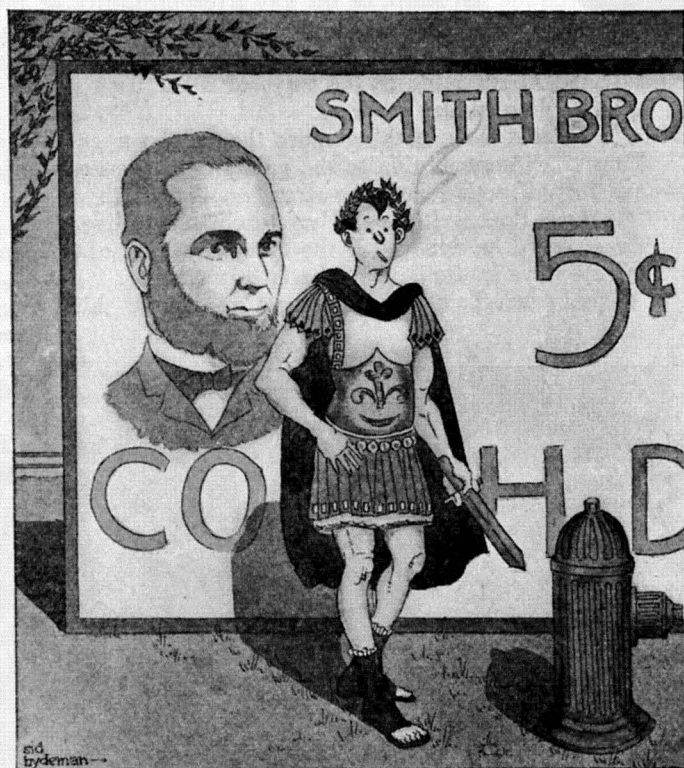
These same fans also scratch their heads and wonder where the police were when the leading lady in the same picture got on a trolley car and reached her destination with a complete change of clothing.

Why do they do it? How does it happen? Who is responsible?

In the first place it must be remembered that the scenes in a motion picture are not taken consecutively. That is, they are not taken in the order in which they appear in the finished product on the screen. The first scene flashed upon the screen might have been the last one to have been taken. And the last scene might have been the first. Invariably, though, the big scenes, especially those used for "thrillers," are taken last so that in case any of the actors become injured during the filming of the scene the picture will be complete anyway, and there will be no delay in waiting for the actor or actors to recover.

On the face of the above statement it would seem that the producers are a heartless crowd, but when a person stops to figure the cost, per day, of holding up the work of a director, with all his trimmings, and a highly-paid batch of actors, it will be more readily understood just why these same producers do not like to take any chances on ruining or holding up the filming of a production because a mere actor gets careless and allows himself to become incapacitated.

At the Famous Players-Lasky studio at Long Island City, the writer saw Arthur Lee, assistant director, and, when asked point blank if it was the fault of the assistant director when an actor pulled a *Thurston* in a film, Mr. Lee blushed, and then tried to hem and haw his way into a change of con-



Nero was parked against a Smith Brothers sign to watch the burning of Rome

versation. After considerable coaxing Mr. Lee was persuaded to talk, with the following result.

"I'll admit," he told me, "that in a way the assistant director *is* responsible for any 'bad breaks' that might occur in a film. It is his job, as assistant director, to at least keep all details correct.

"In the old days, when an assistant director did everything but paint the scenery, he didn't have much time to bother about such minor details as a modern haircut on an actor playing the part of a soldier in the Civil War. And it never worried him a bit when Nero was parked against a Smith Brothers sign to watch the burning of Rome. The people wanted action in those days, plenty of blood and thunder—and we gave it to them—without regard to any of the finer points.

"But after the novelty of the first motion pictures had

worn off, the movie fans began visiting the public libraries to find out if Nero ever did get royalties for posing in front of a cough drop sign. And when they learned that the Smith Brothers did not establish themselves until shortly after Nero's death, we began to receive letters asking the whys and wherefores. And we've been getting them ever since.

"Army officers write in to us to say—I saw your picture, 'The Curse of War,' last night and I want to call your attention to a discrepancy in the fourth reel. In this reel your hero aims a rifle at a German who is about 700 yards away, pulls the trigger and the German falls dead. In the first place I didn't see the hero set the sights on his rifle for that distance. If a gun was fired point blank at an object 700 yards away, the bullet would land in the ground about ten feet in front of the object fired at. In the second place, there seemed to be a slight breeze blowing across the 'battlefield.' This would also necessitate at least two points right windage on the rifle, because even a ten-mile wind would carry a bullet fired 700 yards about six inches off the target. Furthermore, etc., etc.

"Some people think that when we get letters of that kind we just throw them into the waste basket. Far from it! In the case of the army officer's letter we corroborate his statements and send the information to our Research Department, where the notes are made on a card containing information on the U. S. Army rifle. It is a matter of great pride to all the directors (and assistant directors) here at this studio, that

(Continued on page 55)

How Mixville Happened

By Jessie Niles Burness



IF YOU were told that within thirty minutes after leaving the down-town center of Los Angeles you could be admitted to the wild-and-wooly West of long ago, you'd want to go, wouldn't you? Every one of us at one time or another has thrilled at some story of cowboy courage, prospector's resourcefulness, bandit's bravery, trailer's endurance of incredible hardship, or the gay irresponsibility of the adventurer ready to join any enterprise promising excitement. You can find them all here, under one tent, as you might say; but if too many tourists take the notion to look them up, Tom Mix may feel justified in reverting to the ways of other days in self-defense. Idlers should not be permitted to hinder workers.

If he had done nothing more than make a goodly number of popular photoplays, Tom Mix's contribution to the gaiety of nations would be considerable, for his pictures are full of action and lay stress on the worth of the strenuous life as earnestly as Theodore Roosevelt did. They teach that to live clean, shoot straight, play square, and do as you'd be done by is the every-day duty of an American. That was the creed of the cowboys in the days of the free range.

But in fact Tom Mix is doing a much finer thing than making good pictures, for in them he is preserving the history of a phase of American life that it is good for us to remember. The range is a thing of the past, as surely as the Indian and the buffalo. The last of all the big holdings—the Miller ranch—which included twelve hundred and fifty square miles in California, nearly as much in Oregon, and about half as much in Nevada, has this year been subdivided and sold. Only a few of the old-timers who took part in many stirring scenes are left alive. Tom Mix is one of these, and for the making of his pictures he has assembled comrades of his adventures of other days. They comprise his cast of players, and their doings in his pictures are true to life—the life of the long ago. The gold rush has gone by. Frontier life is forgotten. The long-horn herds are a memory to a few and ancient history to most of us.

It was a great life. "Sun-up" saw the rider ready, even if it necessitated his rolling out of his blankets about three o'clock in the morning, if it was near the time of the June round-up. They could sometimes be persuaded to pose, but no picture could convey an adequate idea of

BELOW: Mixville—the whole family. A snapshot by the author.

Portrait by Evans, L. A.



the endless waste of desert, miles upon miles of sand hills, sagebrush, and scan rock, with here and there a piled-up rocky "monument" to indicate the trail. Because such land seemed worthless for anything else the cowboys and plainsmen established the open range, and a code appropriate thereto, where, as Gilbert Parker says, "man keeps his own commandments against that wherein he is a fool or hath a devil" and doesn't concern himself much about the ten, which do not fit his case. They thought the open range would last forever. It endured about two generations and then had to yield to the "fence gang," for it had been discovered much of the land was excellent wheat land.

ALL over the range rich grass sprang up after the rains, and the herds got fat and sleek on it, so that "come June" it was time to gather them in, brand the calves (or the colts if it was "hoss" country), sell and ship what could be marketed at satisfactory prices, and let the others go back to the range—until next year.

Every brand on the range represented a separate owner, whether it were a big company owning thousands, or an individual having but fifty or more calves to brand each year, and each "outfit" had cow-hands to help in the round-up according to his holdings, estimated as nearly as possible. There was bound to be rough joking such as "Don't it beat the nation how Dan's fool cows keeps a-suckling Overman's calves?" or "It's funny how the pan-cake brand thrives on this range." But mostly it didn't mean anything, or if it did it was probably a friendly hint not "to get too handy with a branding iron."

It was all more or less Greek to the tenderfoot. One early morning going to "town" he met and "passed the time o' day" with a rider bound for the round-up. "I see Bud Cook packin' air-tights yesterday," the latter said. "So?" said his comrade. "Must be then the water's all out in Crab Creek. Did anybody say?" "No, but if you're going far from the Springs you'd better take some along." Translated, this meant that it would be well for the rider to add a few tins of canned tomatoes to his pack, for the remark of the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina

BELOW. Another snapshot taken at Mixville by the writer.



is particularly applicable to conditions on the range, and by punching two holes in the top of a tin the rider can get a very satisfying and refreshing drink—as soon as he learns how. Several attempts of the tenderfoot afforded much amusement to by-standers, but fun was what he was hunting, rather than dodging the undertaker, the last under doctor's orders.

More than one incident like that has found its way into
(Continued on page 52)



Colleen Attacks Wesley Barry

By Colleen Moore

JUST because I played the part of the mother of "Dinty," the ragged newsboy, the Editor of FILMPLAY JOURNAL has made me a party to a fiendish scheme to obtain for him an interview with Wesley Barry.

Having played the part of a mother of a newsboy, I should be able—so thinks the editor—to double as a newspaper woman in real life, and he has assigned me to get, by fair means or foul, an interview with *my child of the screen*.

"I want one interview a month, by—actually by—you," said Mr. Jones. So here goes for the first one.

(As a matter of fact, Miss Moore has not stated the facts accurately. If you remember the interview with her in last month's FILMPLAY, you will know that it was Miss Moore who wanted to write the stories. FILMPLAY was too gallant not to accept. However, we have read this first story and we are now determined to have more.—*The Editor.*)

Just as I was chewing up my pencil at the studio, wondering as to where I could find the first person of my "attack," Wesley Barry walked up and said, "Lo, Colleen, watcha doin'?" So Wesley Barry it is!

"Sit right down here and be interviewed for FILMPLAY JOURNAL," commanded I.

His eyes opened up wide with surprise—and disappointment.

"My gosh, Colleen," said Wesley, "are you doing it, too?" Whereupon he quickly added, as if struck

with a sudden idea, "C'mon out on the lot 'n I'll show you the biggest horn-toad y' ever saw in ya life."

"Now, Wesley, please help me. I *must* get an interview and you've just got to help me out," I pleaded, to which appeal Wesley responded with an air of deep resignation.

"Well, what d'ya want me to say?" demanded Freckles. "Ya know how old I am, ya know my hobby is my push-mobile—until I get an automobile, ya know I've got a private teacher, ya know my mother travels all around with me—and ya know I hate interviews," added the youngster, with a flash of his blue eyes and a toss of his red head.

It was quite evident that I would not progress very far along these lines, so I remembered a trick a reporter once acquainted me with of making the person to be interviewed forget the fact that he was being interviewed.

"Well, let's forget about it then, and do it some other time," I said to Wesley, whereupon he gave a look of great gratification.

"Good!" exclaimed Freckles.

Finally yielding to his demands, I let him show me his "biggest horn-toad" which he had cached in a barrel on the studio lot.

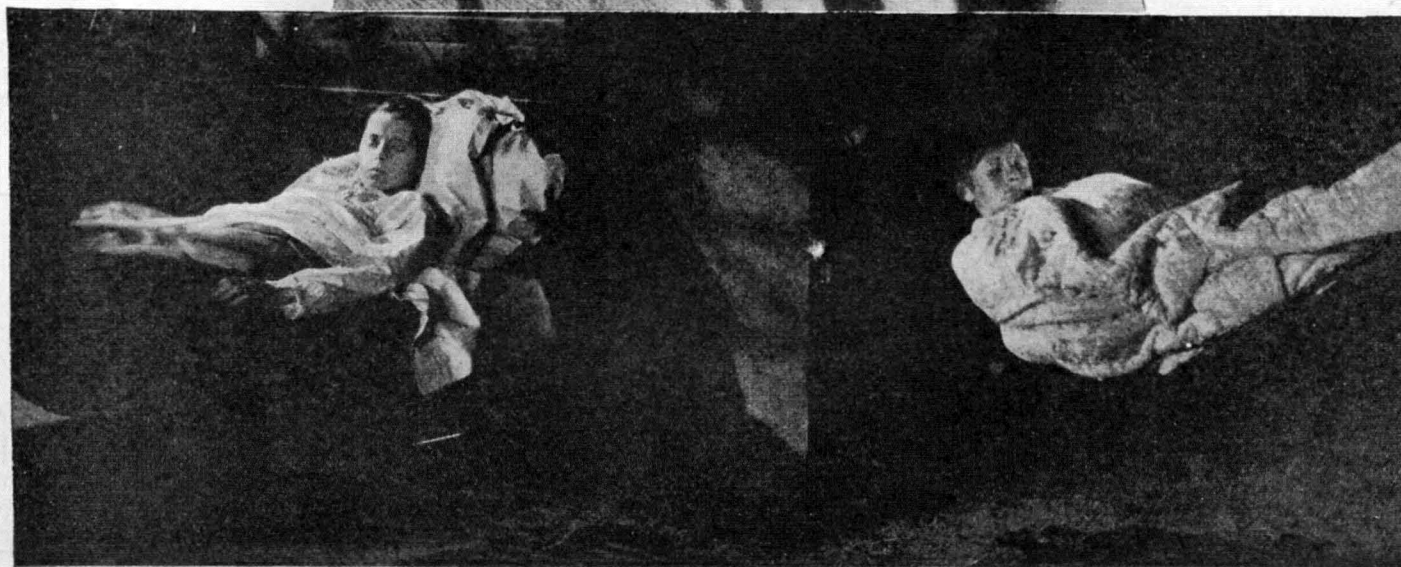
"He's got warts jes like I had when I was a kid," said Wesley, and before I knew what he was about, he had deposited the toad in my lap and jumped with glee when I screamed. Wesley is everything that we like in boys. Success has not turned his head.

This perhaps is due chiefly to the fact that his mother is always on hand to "get any silly ideas as to his own importance" out of his head.

In "Dinty," Wesley and I worked to-



BELOW: Wesley Barry and Colleen Moore in a scene from "Dinty"



gether for Marshall Neilan, and it did not take me long to realize that this youngster was undoubtedly one of the greatest little actors appearing before the camera today. His acting is not affected nor is his work artificial in any respect. When he plays a part he is just himself. Any little mannerisms that a character may call for, such as those he is called upon to portray in "Bob Hampton of Placer," when he appears as a little cowboy, he rehearses until they become a part of himself. Thus after "Bob Hampton of Placer," he has acquired the typical cowboy swagger to such an extent that it is now evident at all times at home, at play or around the studio.

When he was cast for this film, long before the picture was actually started, Mr. Neilan sent Wesley to live on a ranch near Los Angeles. In a very short time the boy adapted himself to the habits, mannerisms and peculiar expressions of the cowboy and before a month had passed Wesley was as much a cowboy as if he had lived on a ranch all his life.

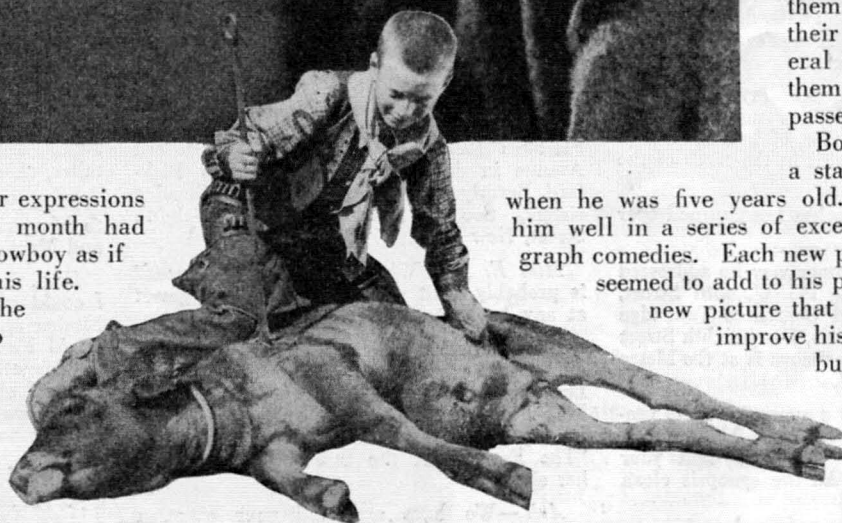
When Wesley was sent to the ranch Mr. Neilan gave him no instructions to study or copy the mannerisms of ranchers. "Just have a good time," said Mr. Neilan, "learn how to ride and anything else you can pick up."

Mr. Neilan knew that a boy of Wesley's age is readily susceptible to environment and that a few weeks in the company of cowboys, "just playing around," would turn Wesley into a cowboy, regardless of what the youngster set out to do with himself during this time.

And so it happened that Wes became a rip-snorting, hard-riding cowboy—and continued to be his natural self. When "shooting" on the picture was about to start, Wesley was taken home from the ranch and the desired mannerisms were part of himself.

When Frank Egan asked Mr. Neilan's permission to use Wesley in the title role of "Penrod" for stage presentation, "Freckles" just leaped at the opportunity to appear in a spoken play.

As he knew Wesley's histrionic capabilities, the only question in Mr. Neilan's mind in this connection was the fact that this work required the memorizing of one of the longest spoken-parts ever given a youngster. Wesley's teacher vouched for his memory, which she claimed was truly remarkable for a boy of his age. A trial was given the youngster. In two rehearsals all doubt was dispelled and when the play opened in Los Angeles "Freckles", in the



vernacular of the footlights, "knocked them dead."

The popularity of Wesley Barry is well-deserved. He is a born artist, a distinct character in the amusement world—and a dutiful son.

The future of Wesley Barry is very much a matter of speculation. That he has proven himself an actor and an artist of the highest order is beyond question. That Wesley Barry should continue to develop and improve under the tutelage of Marshall Neilan seems to me a certainty.

But there are those that hold another view. There have been many child actors on the screen and on the stage who have attained stardom deserved by their splendid efforts. Many of them have continued in their popularity for several years, but most of them have eventually passed from public view.

Bobby Connelly was a star in his own right when he was five years old. I can remember him well in a series of excellent two-reel Vitagraph comedies. Each new picture that he made seemed to add to his popularity, and each new picture that he made seemed to improve his ability as an actor,

but now Bobby Connelly has disappeared. He has made one or two pictures, I think, in the last year. His work in

both of them was good, but he did not evoke the interest and enthusiasm of a few years ago. It is a bad thing for a child actor to grow up because he must pass through an awkward stage in which he is neither boy nor man. While in this awkward stage there is no place for him on the screen; he must wait until he has grown to manhood and is able again to try his fortune at the studios. And when he does come back he is new. The work of a few years back has been forgotten. The technique that put him over a child is lost.

Perhaps with Wesley Barry it will be a different story. It should be a different story with him because, to me, at least, he seems a little greater than all the rest, and because he is working under the expert guidance of Mr. Neilan. Perhaps Mr. Neilan will find a way to carry him over the awkward years that usually are the beginning of the end for child players. Wesley has shown himself to be more than a screen player. He is, too, a potentially good stage actor. If, because these two fields of histrionic endeavor are open to him, he is able to keep constantly before the public and to acquire the benefits of the constant training he may be a man-star rather than an extra player when he is twenty-one years old.



(Dad will be glad to tell you everything he knows about film plays and film players, provided your questions will prove of general interest to all readers. Address all communications to "Dad," FILMPAY JOURNAL, 15 East 40th Street, New York City)

Bob.—I certainly smoke, and Tareyton's are my favorite brand, and in consideration of this last of your many questions, I am going to answer them all. Mary Pickford lives at Beverly Hills, in your own state. And if you enclose 25 cents she will undoubtedly send you a portrait of herself. Bryant Washburn has returned from his trip to England, but I do not know his address. Mail will reach him via Famous Players studio, Hollywood. Viola Dana may be addressed at the Metro Studio, Hollywood. The beautiful leading lady in "Lord and Lady Algy" was none other than the charming Naomi Childers. Don't forget the photo.

Melle.—The cast of "Dangerous Days" was as follows: Clayton Spencer, Lawson Butt; Graham Spencer, Rowland Lee; Natalie Spencer, Clarissa Selwyn; Audrey Valentine, Barbara Castleton; Marion Hayden, Florence Deshon; Anna Klein, Ann Forrest; Delight Haverford, Pauline Starke.

S. H. M.—To the best of my exceedingly restricted knowledge, I have no information concerning "The High Cost of Loving" except that I have complete faith in the truth of the phrase.

L. A. D.—Your letter has been turned over to the editor.

P. T. O.—Sylvia Breamer may be addressed care of Arthur Jacobs, 145 W. 45th Street, New York; Norma and Constance Talmadge receive mail at their studio, Forty-eighth Street and Second Avenue; Nazimova is at the Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Mrs. W. L. A.—Send a synopsis to the producer. Make it not more than 1,500 words. Wouldn't be a bad idea to copyright your material first. And make the synopsis clean but snappy.

J. D.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, for copyright information.

Alex.—Under no circumstances.

Mrs. L. R. P.—We can offer no suggestions to you for getting your son into motion pictures.

V. J.—Lon Chaney is a fine, upstanding man and far from a cripple. The scenes in "The Penalty" were taken by having him strap his legs from the knees to his back. It proved painful after a few minutes and Mr. Chaney was only able to pose briefly before the camera.

Anna.—Yes, Betty Francisco was in the Follies. Now she is in motion pictures to stay.

X. Y. Z.—Do not send the money. I need it, but they won't let me keep it.

C. R. G.—Fanny Ward is now in Europe making pictures for Herbert Brenon.

P. D. Q.—You think Harold Foshay was great in "Other Men's Shoes?" So do I. He hasn't had a very good opportunity recently but I am hoping that his next picture with Famous Players will be better.

M. L. T.—Mary Hay never appeared in pictures before "Way Down East." Dick Barthlemess is 25 years old. Mary is 19. Write to them, care of D. W. Griffith, Mamaroneck, N. Y., and don't forget the quarter for pictures.

Pearl.—No doubt Thomas Meighan will send you his picture if you enclose the customary 25 cents. He stays up half the night reading his fan mail, we hear.

E. K.—Francis Ford, at Universal City, Cal. Geo. Larkin, care of Ed. Small, 1493 Broadway, N. Y. Jack Holt is at the Lasky studios, Hollywood. Lou Tellegen, Culver City, Cal. Katherine MacDonald, 904 Girard Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Lew Cody was married to Dorothy Dalton and Charles Ray married a non-professional. Ethel Clayton is a widow. No doubt several players will send you photographs, though you do not send them a quarter. However, pictures cost a lot of money and you should send the 25 cents whenever you have it.

M. S.—Your question is answered elsewhere

Pete.—No. "Voices" was not intended to be a comedy. However, we agree with you.

Curious Grace.—Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. He is 40 years old. Wallace MacDonald was born in Nova Scotia and came to the United States first on a Cook Tour. I expect to leave some day in the same way.

C. E.—Gladden James' phone number is Flatbush 10335. He lives at 1767 Bedford Avenue in dear old Brooklyn. Mary Pickford, Beverly Hills, California. The Talmadge sisters, Second Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, New York.

Miss E. A.—"Who's Who on the Screen" is probably what you want. You can get it at any book store.

Laura.—Earle Williams is 40 years old and ought to be married. Dorothy Dalton was Lew Cody's wife. He was born in Waterville, Me., but left home at an early age. Faure Binney played opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Frontier of the Stars." Constance is her sister.

Avis.—We have answered your question elsewhere.

Lonesome Joe.—Perhaps you could get one if you went to the Coast. Paul Scardon married since he left New York. Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in "Held by the Enemy."

C. O. D.—No, Dorothy Dickson and Dorothy Dix are not related. Dorothy Dickson is married to Carl Hyson. Rod La Rocque played opposite her in "Money Mad."

W. M.—I wouldn't dare say that Jimmy Morrison is the greatest actor on the screen. Think what might happen to me if I did say anyone was. However, I like him very much and I am glad that you do, too. He played opposite Anita Steward in "Sowing the Wind," with H. B. Warner in "When We Were Twenty-one," and in "Black Beauty" with Vitagraph.

F. L. R.—You like Alice Calhoun? Alice hails from Cleveland, Ralph Graves' home town. She is a star now. Her first picture is "The Dress of Destiny," in which Vincent Coleman is her leading man.

T. M. L.—Evelyn Dumo is playing with Mary Pickford in "The Flame in the Dark."

Ned.—Cullen Landis in "It's a Great Life." I think so, too. He played in "Buntz Pulls the Strings," too. I never heard of the lady you mention, but I'll tell you later if I can learn anything about her.

Tess.—Theda Bara spent several months in Europe, but she is back in the States now. Perhaps she'll make more pictures later, but I don't think she has any definite plans along that line now. Certainly I like candy, but I would much rather smoke. Thanks.

Hal.—Bebe Daniels is your movie sweetheart? I don't know quite what that means, but I suppose it's all right. I feel the same way as you do about it. She is not married to Lew Cody or anyone else, so we may both hope. "Ducks and Drakes" is her latest picture for Realart.

Edna S.—Tom Forman is in New York now. I understand he's going to direct Thomas Meighan. No, I never wrote a scenario. Poetry! I have all I can do to get the editor to print my answers without trying to give him any of my poems.

R. F. D.—Eugene Strong has quit pictures and is now in vaudeville. Edmund Breese is playing on the stage in "Welcome, Stranger." Surely, several players appear on the stage and in pictures.

Little Nell.—I've heard a lot about Little Nell! I wonder if you can tell me how much of it to believe. Harrison Ford in that picture. He's in New York to play opposite the Talmadges. I guess you must mean Monte Blue. They do look alike. Monte is much taller, though.

T. B. M.—No, Wesley Barry is not married to Marjorie Daw. Wes is just a youngster, and Marjorie is not very much older.

F. E. E.—I just love those initials. I wish I could get a fee for something. Marguarita Fischer and David C. Fischer are not related. David Fischer has his own company. "The Shadow of the Dome," his first feature, will be released shortly.

Mary's Greatest Love Affair

It will be presented by

HERBERT HOWE

in the next act of this absorbing drama of Mary Pickford. This act may surprise you; it is sure to charm you; and there will be anecdotes of Mary you have never heard before

The September Issue of
Filmpay

It's Personality M' Dear

An Interview with Gloria Swanson

By Robert Cluett

"IT IS all very well," I said, "for you to say that a woman may be attractive at any age—but how about the woman who is not pretty?"

"There," answered Gloria Swanson, smiling, "is the answer—the very crux of my argument, one might say."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, that attractiveness doesn't of necessity imply beauty or even good looks. It is a matter of the mentality of the individual."

I took the chair she kindly proffered and sat down opposite her. She was gowned daintily, her sweet face with its rich coloring was rendered the sweeter by the shade of her attire and the contrast of her dark hair.

"Tell me just what you mean," I urged. "I'm afraid I'm a little dense, but—"

"Oh, no—it is simply that we've all got into the habit of thinking of attractive women in



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes, L. A.



terms of physical beauty. But when all is said and done, the beauty of the mind, the accomplishments, the character that has been developed perhaps through careful training alone, but usually by a blending of natural characteristics with study—this is the thing that makes for attractiveness, and age hasn't anything to do with it."

"But," I insisted, "a young and lovely girl is surely more attractive than an elderly woman—"

"Perhaps to the mere physical sense, but not if one stops to analyze the matter carefully. Of course, I'm not disparaging beauty—nor youth. Both are assets that are tremendously valuable—but both are fleeting. In this modern life, we live rapidly and age more quickly than did our ancestors. Therefore, it behooves us to prepare for that deadly doldrums of middle life, the period when most women begin to think of age as an imminent thing and something to be dreaded. Yet there is nothing more wonderful than being able to grow old gracefully—beautifully."

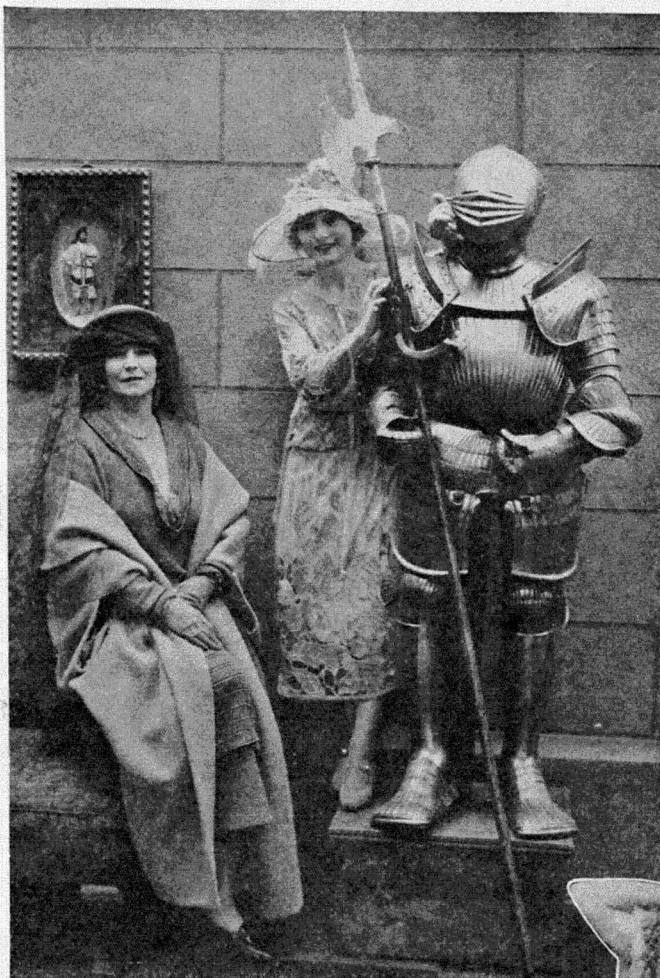
"How, then, in your mind, may a woman retain her attractiveness when silver hairs begin to 'shine amongst the gold'?"

Miss Swanson laughed. When she laughs one understands the meaning of an "infectious laugh," for you respond at once. Also one knows why she has been and will continue to be so delightful and so popular in Paramount Pictures—she has

(Continued on page 56)

Out of the West

By George Landy



Elinor Glyn and Ann Forrest

DESPITE the dire stories of threatened foreign film invasions, cessation of production, thousands of well-known actors and hordes of extras out of work, the cameras out here seem to be grinding on as merrily as ever and the flocks of automobiles outside of each studio present the usual terrifying spectacle to the novice who wants to park his car. And with the characteristic capacity for work and the largeness of heart that typify film folks even more than their stage cousins, everyone of consequence in the camera colony here is up to his neck in the preparations for the mammoth Actors' Fund show, which is being personally staged by Daniel Frohman. "Up to his neck" uses the proper gender of the pronoun, too, since most of the local beauties participate in the spectacular pageant, "The Adornment of Women," staged by Sid Grauman, with a cast of seven hundred—and knowing what pageants usually offer in the matter of feminine costumes—well, you can about imagine what is going to be worn in the sacred name of art, combined with the noble cause of charity. A million dollar rodeo headed by Doug Fairbanks, Tom Mix, Dusty Farnum, Will Rogers, Tony Moreno and Harry Carey, a Pioneer Day spectacle, a Roman Derby chariot race that will make the similar spectacle in "The Queen of Sheba"

look like a croquet game, a parade of Charlie Chaplin imitators, dancers galore, strolling entertainers headed by Fatty Arbuckle and Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks enacting scenes from their forthcoming pictures, "forty-nine" camps and gambling hells under the supervision of Charlie Murray and "The Uplifters," dancing pavilions where the most ordinary mortal may dance with his favorite star, if he'll pay the price, side shows, "hot dog" stands and cafes run by the leaders of society on the Pacific coast, Elinor Glyn in psychic demonstrations, the aforesaid Beauty Show of Sid Grauman's, Dick Farris' Harem (this is still a secret) . . . this long list is just the half of it. No wonder George M. Cohan wired Mr. Frohman that this show would raise a million dollars if it could be repeated in New York.

But even with all the feverish activity and preparation involved in this affair, the motion picture audiences of this country and the entire world must have their screen entertainment uninterrupted, and consequently the cameras are grinding on in great style and the megaphoned voice of the director is heard throughout the land—of Hollywood and adjacent points. Famous Players seems especially normal, if you are going to

define normality as a state of great busyness. Gloria

Swanson has finished her picture written by Elinor Glyn—and, incidentally, the said

authoress has become quite an adept at the toddle, judging from her expert performances at the Hollywood Hotel's Thursday hops—and is just commencing her work on "The Shulamite," from the well-known play by Edward Knoblock. Betty Compson, the other Mack Sennett alumna to achieve real stardom, is busy on "At the End of the World," with Milton Sill and the huge Mitch Lewis, Penrhyn Stanlaws directing—and what a great time he is having in this new field! Cecil B. DeMille's current feature was written by Sada Cowan and Beulah Marie Dix from Leonard Merrick's story, "The Laurels and the Lady," and has a remarkable cast, headed by Dorothy Dalton, Conrad Nagel, Mildred



LEFT: Shannon Day in her Actors' Fund costume. BELOW: Penrhyn Stanlaws and Betty Compson



Harris, John Davidson (a youth who will reward your careful watching) and Theodore Kosloff, who, rumor hath it, will be seen in some mighty important roles in the near future. The scene we saw in the making included a Siamese episode—well, you can readily imagine the wealth of color in a DeMille picturization of such a scene—and a Western gambling hell-dance hall, with Dorothy Dalton outdoing her stage performances in "Aphrodite" amid the swirling of lariats and the tossing of tin dollars. Why travel; you can avoid sea-sickness, train fatigue and save a lot of money if you can get by the Argos-eyed doorman at a big studio.

William DeMille reports the filming of his first location in the course of filming "The Stage Door," by Rita Weiman—and he's a convert now! George Melford has followed "The Faith Healer" with "The Great Impersonation" and by the time you are reading this will be deeply engrossed in picturizing "The Sheik," by Monte Katterjohn. Ethel Clayton will be working in "Her Own Money," her first picture under Director Henaberry. Mary Thurman, in all the glory of her straight-banged, startlingly beautiful, Titian hair, is playing opposite Roscoe Arbuckle (a young comedian formerly known as "Fatty"), with the noble blonde assistance of Harriet Hammond. For the lovely Harriet has been loaned by the venerable Mack Sennett to the aforesaid Mr. Arbuckle for a series of pictures, in the course of the revolution that is really the most interesting event here. The bathing girl—God bless her memory—has passed into oblivion (even Christie will have no more of her,—of him more anon). The Sennett forces have let go Charles Murray, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Kalla Pasha, John Henry, Jr., James Finlayson, Marie Prevost—and even Teddy, the Great Dane. Ben Turpin alone remains, to be starred in a series of two-reel specials; the big productions hereafter will be comedy-drama. Of these, "Heartbalm" has already been finished with a cast including Ethel Grey Terry, Herbert Standing and Noah Beery; the second, now under way, is "Molly-O." This story was written by Walter Anthony, the pre-angel of the Sennett press department, and is being directed by F. Richard Jones, best remembered for his work with "Micky." Mabel Normand will play the titular role—she has returned to the old stamping grounds, a choice bit of news for all of us who have loved her work since "the good old days,"—and her support includes Lowell Sherman, fresh from his triumphs in "Way Down East" and his stage success as the Vagabond in "The Tavern," Jack Mulhall and Jacqueline Logan, established screen personages. What a world of promise this stellar aggregation holds—let us pray for its realization!

Keeping in the strictly comedy field, Mr. Christie has decided to direct personally all his future comedies featuring his girl stars, while Director Beaudine, Sidney and Sullivan will do the honors for the curly headed boys. "Nothing Like It" and "Oh, Buddy" are the ejaculatory titles of the newest Christie pictures.

Charlie Chaplin's cohorts are convinced that his forthcoming "Vanity Fair" will prove he is still supreme; his fellow United Artists, Mary and Doug, are progressing behind closed sets on their respective productions, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Three Musketeers," bits of which will be seen at the Actors' Fund party for the first time, although Mary's assiduous press agent solemnly takes oath that one of her sets cost \$75,000.00 in American money.

The supreme production spendthrift, however, remains Eric von Stroheim, who is still turning the crank on "Foolish Wives," which has been in the making for about a solid year and whose sets will probably be standing when Gabriel blows his trumpet, summoning us to the last greatest show. Even outside of von Stroheim, Universal City is a beehive of in-



Kathlyn Williams,
Bruce Gordon and
May McAvoy

Gloria Swanson in a
scene from "The Great
Moment"



dustry. Priscilla Dean, having achieved deserved laurels with Stuart Paton's production of "Reputation,"

is making another picture with this same director; it is "Conflict,"

from the Red Book story by Clarence Buddington Kelland, with Herbert Rawlinson as her leading man. In fact, the little bird who spreads such things says that Herb will soon be a Universal star. They might go much farther and fare much worse. The company has just returned from a three weeks' trip to the Oregon forest locale of the story—the local mists turned out to be even thicker than the San Francisco fog, and so the virgin forest has been reproduced inside of the studio where one is always sure it's going to be dry and well-lighted.

Tod Browning, formerly Miss Dean's director, is playing at being Julius Rosenwald, for he has set up an exact replica of the huge Sears-Roebuck offices for his production of Edna Ferber's "Fanny Herself," in which Mabel Julien Scott is being featured. "Don't pay too much attention to the study of character," said Mr. Browning to some of his cast, "or you'll get to be like the actors in 'Hedda Gabler' who thought that the Scandinavian heroine must wear suede shoes."

Edith Roberts is being directed by the silver-haired King Baggott in a John Moroso story; Gladys Walton is "Christine of the Young Heart," Art Accord is putting the finishing touches to a serial called "The White Horsemen," the debatable Joe Martin is creating "A Monkey Bellhop," Lee Moran is assembling "Robinson's Trousseau" on the model patterned by H. C. Witwer, and also collecting an assortment of new pugilistic tricks from the manhandlers he has employed for local color in this fight story.

Eastern Studio

News

By
R. A. Reade



Thomas Meighan, Elsie Ferguson and Roy Neill
at the Lasky studios

MORE news about the much-talked-of slump in production. We hear that the Famous Players Eastern studios are to close down as soon as the productions now in work are completed and that they will not be opened again until the first of next year. From other studios we hear similar reports and it seems that the number of idle actors on Broadway is increasing every day.

Wally Reid arrived from the Coast a short time ago to start work on Peter Ibbetson. He and Elsie Ferguson are to be starred in this picture, and I think this is the first time in recent years that either Wally or Beautiful Elsie has not been starred alone. George Fitzmaurice is directing.

Alice Brady, after completing "The Dawn of the East," at the Realart studios, has sailed for Europe for a six weeks' trip abroad. The press agent said that it would be entirely a pleasure jaunt, but Alice told me that she will have much work to do in Europe in behalf of her father, William A. Brady, who is planning extensive production abroad. Another rumor is that Alice is to make a picture in England, but she would not tell me anything definite about that.

Tom Forman, who has been directing Thomas Meighan and Agnes Ayres, the lady beautiful of the Lasky lot, has returned with his company from Boston, where all of the exterior scenes were filmed. I do not know what Tommy Meighan's plans are after this picture, but I understand that Agnes Ayres is to hurry back to California to start work on a new Paramount special. Her trip to England, which was so much talked about a month ago, has apparently been called off, for Famous

Players has just announced that Agnes is to be a Paramount star. Her first picture is scheduled for release in December.

Corinne Griffith and Alice Calhoun are busy at the Eastern Vitagraph studios but no other companies are working there. Alice Joyce, loveliest of all screen stars, and one of the finest women in the business, has decided to take a long rest. Alice has been working steadily without more than two or three days' vacation at a time for several years, and she feels that she is entitled to several months away from her work.

Mae Murray and Bob Leonard, her husband, are busy on a new independent production. Monte Blue has come from California to play opposite the dainty blond star.

Marshall Neilan has returned to California after several months with us, and plans to start work on a new picture on the Coast shortly. Colleen Moore, who came here with him to play in the John Barrymore picture, has returned also. While in town Colleen hammered out a couple of interviews for FILMPLAY, and she has promised to send us some more from the West.

Marion Davies is busy adding her beauty to that of Urban's exquisite settings at the (Continued on page 51)



CENTER: Wallace Reid
is working at the
new Long Island
studios for the
first time

BELOW: Colleen
Moore types all
her interviews
for FILMPLAY
JOURNAL



MARY PICKFORD, A DRAMA

(Continued from page 5)

Pickford it is the girl who is loved; with Chaplin it is the artist. There are no other stars on the plane with these two so far as earthly renown is concerned.

Mary Pickford's position is unique in relation to the screen, hence in relation to the world. She was the first great star. Other stars arose with her but their greatness has not withstood the test of time. Other great stars may follow Mary, yet she remains the first. Furthermore, she is the perfect image of life's greatest prize—Youth. The clean, shining, made-in-the-Image Youth. She combines the thing we cherish most and the thing we honor most—Youth and Goodness.

All will admit that she, if anyone, will be among the immortals of screen history. She undoubtedly would have a place in a national academy of fame providing the United States had such an institution. Sarah Bernhardt is so honored in France. As it is, Miss Pickford has received the highest honors that could be conferred. During the war she was officially made an honorary colonel of the army, an honorary officer of the aviation service, and "a little sister to the navy." These are empty titles, true, yet they signify the importance of her position as recognized by our highest powers.

I never have been a violent Pickford fan. I am a non-conformist, taking a little vanity, perhaps, in my isolation. While recognizing her ability and the charm of her being, I am not such an enthusiast as to ascribe an importance to her which she does not possess. We are always prone to minimize greatness. We have the atavistic impulse for tearing down our idols after we have erected them with loud hallelujahs. Our fickleness is supremely exemplified by our attitude toward screen favorites. As soon as we detect a blemish—squash!—the mud flies.

Mary Pickford has gone through ordeals, scourged by Puritan prejudices, and has proved invulnerable. Her screen position has been challenged by the most famous stars of the stage. Producers again and again have financed campaigns for the purpose of setting up a new sovereign. These campaigns have borne the same results as those directed against soviet Russia. They have cemented Mary's stronghold. Only a few years ago Marguerite Clark was being set up as a formidable rival. There were predictions that she would seize the scepter. Lines formed outside the theatre just as they did for Mary's pictures. "Marguerite Clark will soon pass Mary," was a remark often heard. Once it was made in the presence of John Barrymore. In his calm, definite way, John answered: "Mary Pickford can die and stay dead and no actress will pass her by." When Mary severed her relations with the Paramount organization there was a manifestation of hysteria. She had been the main pillar of its structure. A collapse was feared. Mary Miles Minter made a strategic move. She went to New York and obtained an enriching contract. Why shouldn't she be Mary Pickford's successor? Was she not pretty? Didn't she have a winsome personality? And weren't the curls almost identical? Such, no doubt, were the arguments seized upon as a solace for grave fears. And just the other day some one said to me, "You know, I wouldn't be surprised if May McAvoy would soon be on top; she's a lot like Mary Pickford." The very fact that Miss Pickford has become the standard for comparison indicates her impregnable perfection. I would advise all ambitious young actresses to beware the comparison. It is a dangerous challenge and sorrowful has been the fate of those who made it—or had it made for them. Today when we read of "Mary Pickford's double" we smile as we smile at other obvious propaganda. We've been fooled so often.

Mary Pickford does not hold her position by charm alone. Apart from her screen capabilities she is a wise producer. She knows pictures as few people do. Not only does she know how to make them but she knows how to make them so as to make maximum profits. She is a business woman. Does that jar your conception of her? It need not. We complain that a business woman lacks feminine qualities, and we complain that a feminine creature without such ability lacks brains. It is hard to please us. Mary Pickford is the only one who has done it consistently.

An anecdote is told of a business conference of the Big Four—Mary, Doug, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith. A serious financial problem was under discussion, and no one seemed to have a solution. Finally D. W. Griffith, who has known Mary since she was fifteen, laughingly remarked:

"Leave it to that Jane, she knows more about business than any of us."

Miss Pickford is always threatening herself with retirement. "Just one more million, and I shall retire," she says. "Just one more million."

I do not know what her income is except that it is fabulous. She is reputed to be worth several million dollars. Only recently she sold the rights to the story of her life, signed by her, for the sum of \$100,000. And I happen to know that one advertising firm pays her five thousand dollars a year simply for the use of her picture. She has never sought a revenue outside of the picture industry. Money has come of its own volition.

The first time I met Mary Pickford she was working in a picture at the Brunton studio. I observed her from behind the camera lines. With gentleness and angelic coquetry she was enacting her part just as we see her on the screen. The cameras stopped clicking; shooting for the day ended. As the kleigs went out the childish light seemed to go out of Mary's face. She was a woman, a very busy little woman. With a quick, decisive slap, her tiny hands came down on the arms of the big chair in which she was sitting.

"Now," said she, "we will go to the projection room."

She arose briskly and moved off the set to where a small battalion of people were awaiting her. A representative of a syndicate received her first attention. I heard her voice very clear and precise discussing "book rights" and other technical details. The business was over in a moment, Mary flashed a smile and moved to the next person. A newspaperman with his infant son wanted Mary to pose with the baby in a film for the family album.

"Certainly, I would love to," said Mary, with a bright smile. "When would you like to take it?"

"Any time that is convenient with you, Miss Pickford."

"Very well. Let's make it tomorrow at twelve o'clock." She gave away her lunch hour! Yet she played with the baby, tickled its cheek with one of her curls, smiled her loveliest and turned to the next party in waiting.

"An interview. Yes, when would you like to have it? Very well, day after tomorrow at twelve-thirty if that is agreeable to you. Yes, you may interview Doug at the same time." A smile, and a "I'm very glad to have met you all," and she whisked over to her mother and Jack, gathered them up and whirled away to the projection room to see the rushes for the day.

An enormous amount of business, which would have occupied the morning of an ordinary mortal, had been transacted in less than twenty minutes, yet Miss Pickford had not been brusque nor what is called "business-like." She did not give us the feeling that we were taking up valuable time. Always it was our convenience she considered first. Yet one felt the efficiency. Her decisions were

instant. A tiny little woman with the figure of a boy, the smile of an angel and the business capacity of a Schwab. Only a beautifully evolved system would permit her to attend to the thousand details which confront her every day. I know many a star of good intentions who has much less business than Mary and yet who succeeds only in offending people by being too busy to receive them and too busy to train employees to be polite.

Well do I recall a quotation which an English professor scrawled across one of my slipshod compositions. It was significant: "Genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains." I never knew quite what it meant until I met Miss Pickford.

In the next act of this drama Mary will appear at home, and we'll have the opportunity of learning some intimate details of her life.

EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

(Continued from page 50)

International studios. Forrest Stanley is playing opposite her.

D. W. Griffith is starting on a new picture to follow "Dream Street." It will be a new version of the "Two Orphans," and it is reported that Lillian and Dorothy Gish will be in the cast. Speaking about Griffith reminds us that Ralph Graves, who scored such a decided success in "Dream Street," has been loaned to Raoul Walsh for the leading male role in "Kindred of the Dust." This should be very gratifying to Ralph not only because the part will offer him such splendid opportunity, but also because he has been anxious to get back to California for some time.



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HOW MIXVILLE HAPPENED

(Continued from page 43)

O. Henry stories, and into "Western" films, and Tom Mix knows, of his own experience, that they are founded on facts sometimes so preposterous he wouldn't risk putting them into a picture without editing them. This tenderfoot aforesaid with the tender help of nurse and house-physician, climbed out of his hospital bed, and four days later climbed onto a big, bright sorrel saddle horse that didn't buck, much, but could out-kick any mule known to history. He not only stuck, but gained in health every minute, and he was able to infuse into the new experience so much of the vim and enthusiasm that had carried him almost to defeat in the old one, that before his vacation was over the cowboys had taken him on as a sort of adopted child of the tribe, which he remains unto this day, Western pictures being his favorite avocation.

The lure of these things was something picture people were quick to feel. The trouble was that players were able to give only a Broadway interpretation of the life of the West. "Broncho Billy" did his best, and his pictures had a sufficient box office reward, but they were never convincing to one who knew. Tom Mix knows. Since the day he was born, some forty years ago, down in El Paso county, Texas, he has "lived the life" and therefore he should, and he does, "know the doctrine."

He began to work with cattle as soon as he could ride, and that goes back farther than he can remember. Before he was old enough to vote he had "cow-handed" all over Texas, Montana, Wyoming and Oklahoma. He was once deputy sheriff, and finally U. S. marshal in Ardmore, Oklahoma, and while covering this assignment he achieved some fame as a bandit hunter. Once he had to play the part of the hunted, for some horses were missing and he was mistaken for the "rustler" who had run them off. He was with the Texas Rangers for two years, down by the Rio Grande, but he was lonesome for cow-punching and went back to it. And all those years were crammed full of story material.

He is of opinion that life in the open develops, among other traits that make for happiness, the ability to recognize an opportunity when it presents itself. His big chance presented itself when he saw moving pictures for the first time some nine years ago in Arizona. It was a "Western" film, with cowboys 'n everything, and the marvel of the movies was entirely eclipsed in his mind by the marvel that such fakes could be permitted and such films shown in a cow country. He made inquiry and learned that players were paid *five dollars a day*. Cowhands were plenty at thirty to thirty-five dollars a month. He could ride, could throw a rope, bull-dogging steers was play. He had been with Miller's "101 Wild West Show" where he had won his share of the prizes for broncho busting, bull-dogging, branding—in short, he knew the life from A to Z.

He didn't waste any time considering pros and cons, but boarded a box car with his two horses, destination Los Angeles, but his money gave out and he had to leave his "side-door Pullman" at San Bernardino, sixty miles from the city of angels. Riding one horse and leading the other, he presently arrived, presented himself to Colonel Selig, and was taken on at once. In a short time he was making two-reel "Westerns," writing the stories, directing them, and playing in them. It was here that he met Victoria Ford, who played opposite as his leading lady and who finally became Mrs. Mix. Tom maintains that the only mistake he ever made in regard to her was when he taught her to shoot. She is a better shot than he is, and he is one of the best.

From that time to the present it has been "just about the same only more so." His pictures were popular from the start. Uncon-

sciously during his years of roaming he had filed for reference in his mental cabinet an inexhaustible supply of picture material. He knew men and how to handle them. Picturecraft he learned. He is now under contract with Fox, and his pictures are distributed through Fox exchanges in China, in South Africa, and, in fact, throughout the world. He still writes most of his own stories. "The Hornet's Nest," one of his latest pictures, is his own.

Mixville, as suggested hitherto, is close to the city of Los Angeles, yet such was the wisdom shown in selecting the site that the visitor finds himself on arrival, in "the country of long ago and far away." There are some fifteen acres in the tract, which was chosen because of its typical Western scenery—gorges which the undergrowth covers thickly so that wild beasts or outlaws would choose them to hide in; steep trails, rocky headlands, and the like. The place is surrounded by rolling hills and has some two acres on which street scenes are built. There are stock corals, fifty horses, almost as many long-horn steers (survivals of a lost tribe), sheep, goats, chickens, wild geese, and a bob-cat. Only exteriors are made at Mixville, and other locations are used when needed.

It is here that Tom Mix has assembled real cowboys, something like a score of them, all of whom are attached to him in some special manner. Pete, the cook, worked with him on a ranch some twenty years ago. Pat Chrisman, the ranch foreman, takes charge of Mixville when Tom isn't there making pictures. He rode herd with Tom in Oklahoma, and was the first one sent for when Tom took up pictures as a vocation and wanted some real cowboys for the work.

Sid Jordan, who always plays the "villyun," was a deputy sheriff with Mix under the former's father at Bartlettville, Oklahoma.

Winn Mace, who plays the sheriff in many pictures, worked on a ranch with Tom in 1909.

Dick Hunter is a Spanish cowpuncher who herded cattle on the ranch where Hollywood now is.

"Banty" Caldwell owned a goat ranch near Las Vegas, and when Tom came there on location he joined, making no charge for his services. He became a regular member of the company soon after.

"Buster" Gardner is an expert with the rope, and is just as clever on the fiddle. There is a special bond between him and Tom, in that they were chased by the same sheriff, for horse-stealing, of which they were not guilty.

"Pee-wee" Holmes, the shortest man in the company, studied two years for the ministry. When Mix met him he was a member of the Northwest Mounted Police.

Jim McKinney was in the "101" show with Tom. He knew "Tex" Graham in the Panhandle days. Tom Davis, who takes care of the horses, worked with Tom in Arizona.

All of them call him "Tom." He's just one of the fellows with them.

And last, but not least, among this company of players, is Tony, the famous trick horse. Mix bought Tony when he was a colt, for \$1250. Tony is now insured for fifty thousand dollars, and if you have seen his work in pictures you will not wonder at that valuation.

As to physical fitness, Tom Mix can out-ride, out-shoot, and out-rope every one in his outfit, with the exception of friend wife whose remarkable shooting came from his training. He boxes four rounds every night with Lee Moore, former lightweight, and puts on the gloves occasionally with Kid McCoy. He wrestles, climbs hills, and keeps constantly in practice with the rope. He doesn't smoke, believing that it injures the "wind."

He likes to "pal" with Boy Scouts, and will talk to them any time he is asked, for it is one of his hobbies to help the younger generation keep physically fit. He says, "There

comes in every man's life a moment when he wishes he was a trained athlete." He preaches that clean bodies make for clean minds; that athletics develop alert mentalities. He advocates a daily cold plunge, rub-down—in fact, just about the training he took himself when at school in Pennsylvania, where he played on the football team. He confesses to two hobbies—horses and autos. He delights in taking a machine apart and putting it together again, and can drive it anywhere there is to go. His pet aversion is, guess: spiders!

The other day, so it is related by a truthful person who saw the incident, a horse stepped on Mix's stomach as he was lying on the ground. It would have killed any man not in condition, but Tom merely shouted, "Hey, you sonuva gun, look where you're going," and got up and dusted himself off. And it is my belief that if the picture they were making shows this, fans will wonder how it was faked.

Like most men who have made good at anything, Tom Mix can't see anything remarkable about his doings and it is difficult to get him to talk, but his fellow-workers are able and willing to impart information, for they are unanimous in their regard for him, for various reasons, and each from his own knowledge is able to add some fact that fits into the mosaic. It's a great joy to interview them. "May their tribe increase."

LAVENDER, OLD LACE, AND EDYTHE CHAPMAN

(Continued from page 17)

sories hard to find now, and sometimes impossible to duplicate. When Edythe Chapman appeared on the set as "Eelen," even the cameraman, accustomed to grinding the images of period-gowned women into his lens, stayed his hand in the presence of the silks and satins of an hundred years ago, whose rich stateliness can stand alone—and the heavy gold bracelets, quaint with engravings of a past fashion. There was a picturesque air of genuineness, of sentiment and old-time romances, in the rustle of that ancient, beruffled gown. But the arresting part of the outfit was a marvelous lace veil—a real thread lace English veil, worn by Edythe Chapman's mother's mother!—and a practically priceless lace shawl.

"You must remember this wonderful old shawl, Reggie," said Miss Chapman, dropping him an "Eelen" courtesy. "I wore it in 'Barbara Frietsche,' when the play had its West Coast premiere in the old Burbank Theatre in Los Angeles!" and then she related the history of the antique.

It originally was owned by Adelaide Nielson, and was first noticed by Miss Chapman when the Neills were playing an extended engagement of Shakespearean repertoire in a theatre where Miss Nielson had once done her immortal Juliet. Mrs. Neill was also playing Juliet the evening the old doorkeeper showed her the shawl, with reverently trembling fingers. "It belonged to her, it did, Miss—to England's great actress—and she gave it to my old mother, many years ago." When Miss Chapman finished her engagement at the theatre the doorkeeper presented the shawl to her, saying his mother was old and sick, and it was more fitting that the garment should go to another actress of Juliet, instead of to lie unseen and forgotten at home.

Sometimes this interesting woman will sink into her big arm chair in her Goldwyn dressing room, throw back her head and sigh, "Oh, my dear—my dear—these foolish little children who think they are acting—when they are only going through grimaces and gestures! What is the Art coming to?" Then again she will exclaim impulsively, "When I see some of these babies, who haven't had a day's experience on the speaking stage, and see the clever work they are doing—well, it makes me wonder—that's all!"

EXPORTING AN INDUSTRY

(Continued from page 19)

extracting all their hard-earned knowledge, and then go ahead with the business on an all-European basis.

Even now, American production is 50 per cent of what it was a year ago,—a condition partly due to hard times and partly due to the invasion of foreign films. One company alone has bought eighty foreign-made pictures for distribution here. Think how long it will be before that company will be obliged to resume a serious effort at making pictures in a home studio!

The way to meet the situation lies in a tariff against foreign films, a very reasonable and wholly American way. It is the way we have protected every young American industry, and the movies, youngest of them all, deserve this help. In Germany they do it a little differently. They simply forbid the importation of 97 per cent of the American-made films and establish a board to apportion the other 3 per cent to the various American exporters who assail the gates of the frontiers with better pictures than ever Germany has made. Of course, even then one must bring only one negative into Germany; all copies must be made in the German factories so that German workmen may work.

But all that American movie folk ask is a tariff, not an exclusion act. Aside from the question of giving American producers a chance to make finer pictures, which can only be done if the industry is sound enough to warrant experiments on the artistic side, every business man in the country should see what the failure of the film industry means to him. Will it help *his* business if this great industry goes under? And every wage earner in the country, every union member, should sympathize with the legions of fellow workers, who will be forced to enter another vocation if European labor is allowed to underbid them.

In conclusion, one thing should be made plain:

From a business standpoint, movie magnates who *distribute* pictures—that is, sell them to the exhibitors—are naturally opposed to a tariff on foreign films. They have nothing to gain by such a plan. On the contrary, for a short while, they will make tremendous profits by buying cheap pictures abroad instead of handling the expensive ones made at home. Those of them who are producers as well as distributors will no longer have to risk fortunes in financing their own productions; they can buy them abroad, ready-made, at one-fifth the price. Why should they not, as business men, argue against the tariff?

The firms who specialize in production only, selling their pictures outright to distributors, are still on the fence. They do not see the danger. They fondly imagine that Europeans will continue to make bad pictures and that the American public will not accept them in any case, after the novelty has worn off. Their studios lie before them, solid, substantial, things of reality in which hard cash has been invested. Surely nothing can de-materialize such palpable evidence of prosperity, surely a business which covers acres of ground cannot vanish overnight.

Ship owners used to talk like this some score years ago. But the ships are gone. By the same token, if nothing is done to protect them, our studios will soon follow the ships.

BEAUTY SPEAKS

(Continued from page 16)

tell you why. Dad was so excited, I've been told, that he forgot to notice just where the train was, and the conductor couldn't say definitely, either, whether it was in Maryland

or the District of Columbia. It really has embarrassed me at times.

"Why don't you just say Washington, D. C., when anyone asks you," I interpolated, "and let it go at that?"

"Because it might not be true," she said, smilingly, "and I'm a stickler for facts."

"The early years of my life," she went on, "are just like a pleasant dream to me, for, like most children, I liked to travel and traveling I did, a-plenty. Daddy was a mining expert and I guess we journeyed to most every part of the globe where mines are.

"Were you ever in Russia?" she asked me.

"Me—in Russia?—no. I have to travel all the way to Jersey every night and all the way back again in the morning, and aside from a business trip to France in 1918, that is the only trans-oceanic traveling I ever do.

"Well, I like Russia," she said. "I spent five very happy years there and learned some of that difficult Russian dancing. And skiing, don't you love skiing?"

I admitted that, in the news weeklies and rotogravure sections, skiing looks wonderful, but confessed a lack of actual physical knowledge of the sport.

"Well, you ought to try it some time," she continued, "it's truly a kingly sport.

"When I was ten, we returned to America and settled in Springfield, Illinois. Daddy received an appointment from the Bureau of Mines in Washington, as a mine inspector, and I remained in Springfield until 1915, to complete my high school education."

"After this I took a business course, for a time, but, oh! how I despise business."

"Then the beauty contest in which D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Howard Chandler Christy and other notables were the judges, was called to my attention by one of my girl friends, who suggested that I enter it.

"I laughed at her, saying that it was 'just another one of those things.'

"She kept after me, however, until I finally yielded and said I would send my picture in to the judges. I did not have the slightest idea that I stood a chance—"

I must have looked somewhat incredulous, for she actually blushed. She is still young enough and new enough to pictures to be able to do it most becomingly.

"No, I honestly did not think I had a chance," she repeated, with a smile, "considering that there were some fifty or seventy-five thousand contestants."

Her lovely blue eyes sparkled. D. W. Griffith, Howard Chandler Christy and the other experts in feminine pulchritude certainly made no mistake in selecting her as the winner.

Now she is a full-fledged star, signed to a long term contract by the newly-formed Pantheon Picture Corporation and her first vehicle, "On the Back Lot," has been completed and will soon be ready for release.

"What do you think of the German pictures?" I next asked, striving hard for something different.

"Well," said Miss Getwell, "I'm going to tell you just my own personal feeling on this really important issue. I see no reason why we, in America, should not see any good motion picture that is made; regardless of whether it is made by Germany or England, Italy or France, or, in fact, anyone at all.

"I do feel, though, that he have no cause to worry, for we are able, here in America, and have already proven so, that we can make pictures to surpass any foreign production."

All of which goes to prove that Miss Getwell does her own thinking on other subjects than "make-up" and studio technique.

Beauty and brains make a rare combination in any branch of endeavor, especially motion pictures.

Anetha Getwell has both and she should go far on the road to success.

CAN THIS BE ART?

(Continued from page 24)

an appreciation of one of the Seven Arts is as foreign an experience as was the distillation of 100 proof whisky to the average American householder two years ago, may come to believe that when they pay their seventeen cents at the cashier's window of the motion picture palace around the corner they are furthering the cause of Art. And if this comes to pass I cannot see that any great harm will be done either to the public or to those who are promulgating the new gospel of the cinematographic art. But this will not prove that the motion pictures have actually reached the plane of Fine Arts.

If the main purpose of the director is to show how cute Pansy Citronella looks in gingham rompers, then the word "art" attached to his production will be about as convincing as the word "Sterling" if it were stamped on the sole of a rubber boot; and if the financial backer who supplies the odd hundred thousand dollars to exhibit Miss Citronella, keeps his eyes on the box office receipts of the "Little Gem Theatre" in Martin's Corners, Arkansas, and yet babbles about the Great Art that he is sponsoring, then he is either the greatest nunny in the world or the greatest charlatan. My opinion is that he remains the former.

All of the Seven Arts were founded and developed to a high point while the race was still in its infancy. For thousands of years they have remained only seven. No new form of human expression arose to challenge their supremacy until the movies came into being and then a seat on Olympus was demanded for cute little Cinema, the new goddess, she of the wistful smile and the starry eyes. Behind those shining orbs was the immense vacuity of space but she was worth a lot of money in her own right. Dollars may buy a comfortable seat on the Stock Exchange but they will never purchase standing room in the council chamber of the Muses. Calliope, Euterpe, Thalia and their sisters are more of a closed corporation than a master plumbers' union. Cinema, they say, must prove her right to be called the Eighth Art and in the first twenty years of her existence she has given little proof of anything but her ability to make money. Money and Art are not compatible and never will be. A fine art must be created for its own sake and not for the pecuniary rewards that may follow. How few motion pictures were ever created for the love of beauty or the glory of high ideals!

The startling exceptions to the common run of money-making pictures, such as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," prove by comparison how low are the standards by which the others are measured and produced. The trouble lies mainly in the fact that Art is not democratic. The very universality of motion pictures militates against any strong aesthetic appeal. No picture that is designed to draw the approving patronage of ten million people can possess a high artistic value, for the simple reason that the average intelligence of that number of people hardly rises above the level of a political convention.

When some pictures are produced for their own sake, when the aspirations behind them are on a higher plane than mere money-making, and when their audiences are limited to a few discriminating thousands instead of the present deadly-dull millions, then, and only then, will our pretensions toward the name of Art receive respectful consideration. The manufacture of cheap films for the delectation of the untutored millions may, and probably will, continue, but if a few producers allow their aesthetic consciences to guide them in the creation of screen epics and if artists of inspired vision and high courage are permitted to speak through the motion pictures to the discerning and appreciative elect, the cinema will come into its own and a New Art will be born.

DIX FROM A DISTANCE

(Continued from page 3)

that there would be a compromise at thirty-five.

At about the time of the recital of this, a crescent moon glided over the hill, so I can't repeat what the stock company was, or the plays were, that furnished Rhode Island, or Rochester, with Richard Dix. Two or three stars were twinkling in the sky now, and I can't tell you what happened during the interim between his final curtain call in Rhode Island and his debut in New York. I know that for a few seasons Mr. Dix was Mr. Morosco's leading man in Los Angeles. I do remember, and that distinctly, that his joy and pride was in having followed Shelley Hull in the role of "The Cinderella Man." And now, oh! now, it comes back. He said he had supplanted three great people, and he wondered when he'd ever get the opportunity to create something individual himself. Jack Barrymore was one. Dix took his place at the Plymouth in Gorky's "Night Lodging."

We spoke of reincarnation. He had been told by a physicist the day before that she saw him in three eras. As a priest, he was plainly discernible to her,—an Egyptian youth who was in love with a dancing girl to whom he was compelled to bid adieu. They stood on the banks of the Nile, and the dancer, the physicist thrilled that she saw it, wore a skirt of yellow tea roses.

"That's funny," said Dix. "I adore tea roses." He had another karma when as a painter in Paris he was sweeping the snow off a roof, and a jealous rival pushed him over the edge. "That is why she claims all these potentialities and desires which were killed with this young artist are awakening in me." Mr. Dix was serious, and it was such a beautiful legacy to imagine, and there were a dozen stars out now, so neither of us laughed. "She said," Mr. Dix continued, "that I also at one time had something to do with armor. She saw a figure sprawled at my feet. Do you know, the clank of steel has always fascinated me?"

What all this has to do with an interview, is that it shows that in Richard Dix you will find a genuine interpreter of a real young man. There are other things that I remember: that he likes jazz and that he likes solitude; that he likes companionship and that he reverts silence. But "by their fruits ye shall know them," and by his work he will talk for himself. I saw him with Tyrone Power and Walker Whiteside as "The Little Brother," and in Samuel Shipman's play, "First Is Last." He brought vitality, personality, even a disquieting appeal. He had a distinct place on the legitimate stage. On the screen, there is no doubt but that for Goldwyn he will be an acquisition.

BUILDING CHARACTERS

(Continued from page 23)

the creation of America's fraternity of Arts and Letters.

Each generation has its own particular contributions to make to civilization. Mr. Hatton has little of his ancestors' desire to found new towns and to spread the gospel of religious liberty through the new world. Nevertheless, his ambitions differ from theirs less than would superficially appear. While they condemned everything pertaining to the theatre, their own idea of liberty burned in their breasts. Their descendant is no less a lover of libertarian ideas; his method of pioneering, however, is not with an axe, but through the medium of free ideas freely conveyed. Raymond Hatton's way of adding his bit to the world's work of his generation is through the instrument of the screen. He himself has phrased the aim of his efforts.

"I should like to be a truly great actor. loved during my life, and long remembered."

TOM INCE'S SIDE KICK

(Continued from page 15)

instance, by Ince himself, to boil down and cut out to the release footage of ten thousand feet.

During the cutting of this spectacle, with thousands of feet of cast-off film craning from the huge boxes which rest beneath the cutter's table, and some two hundred thousand feet of "stock" film resting in rolls on racks of the room, some smart-aleck cowboy "extra" lost himself on the big lot, dropped in and lit a cigarette. A spark ignited some film. In an instant the room was enveloped in flames, with "stock" battle scenes, scenic stuff and special "research" film valued at tens of thousands of dollars literally "going up into smoke."

Through the smoke and flame, Del Andrews battled to save the "live" film at hand. He was badly burned, however, as was also Ince, who led a delegation of volunteer fire fighters into the conflagration.

Andrews was rushed to a receiving hospital in Los Angeles, but fire has no fury to a movie man! Within twenty-four hours the producer decked his room with the necessary equipment for cutting and "U. S. A." proceeded to edit "Civilization" with a bandage around one eye and both shoulders entwined in bulky bandage. (Needless to say, that "cowboy extra" has been shining shoes ever since.)

When Thomas H. Ince abandoned old Inceville to establish the Triangle Studios in Culver City, Del, his "side-kick" and sure-goods ally, went along with him. Many of the famous successes starring Hart, Dalton, Frank Keenan, Louise Claum, Sessue Hayakawa, H. B. Warner and others, were cut and edited by Del Andrews, who also, as he does now, contributed suggestions for scenes, titles, subtitles for which the author or director got the credit in the public's mind, but in the knowledge of "the boss," it was "young reliable" "U. S. A." who helped get it over for the smashing "hit" that it was.

On a certain day during his association at Triangle, Del got hard-boiled. That's second nature with him. Not hard-boiled in the sense of muscle and brawn, but the calloused certainty of conviction which is inevitable to those who began at the bottom and worked their way up, taking and giving, fighting and smiling, the Hub around which Experience with a capital "E" has flourished.

Something happened that day, the details of which are not exactly clear even at this late date, but artists are artists and Del and the "boss" had a "run-in."

"I'm through," snapped Del.

"Where you going?" asked Ince.

"Don't know, don't care—I'm through."

"Good luck to you—I'm sorry," came back Ince.

"Good luck to you—," replied Andrews.

And so, Del, the guy who worked side by side with Ince at Inceville, tore mercilessly into a big black cigar, tipped his hat, shot a farewell glance at the boss, and beat it.

But the parting of ways was only temporary. You can't separate men who are sentimentally attached, especially if the men happen to know their business and admit it! After a brief association with Morosco, at which plant he served as Assistant Director, then a real honest-to-goodness reel director, his thoughts turned to "T. H.," as he calls him, lovingly, and Del had many a sleepless night.

A mutual friend met Del one day at the L. A. Athletic Club.

"Ince wants to see you, Del; better hop into your car and beat it out to Culver City."

Thirty minutes later the young man walked into the office of the producer.

"Well, what's the news?" Del asked Ince.

"Fair and warmer," returned Andrews, pleasantly. "What do you want with me?"

Ince was puzzled.

"Want with you—why—"

The eggshell hardened again and Del, boiled, lashed in pride, turned in his tracks. Then the water must have given out or something, 'cause Del turned around again and delved into private discussion.

Ten minutes later Thomas H. Ince instructed his press department to announce the return of the prodigal son.

That was about a year ago. The past ten months have been devoted to the cutting and editing of pictures, preceded by a few short months in the capacity of Associate Director on Associated Producers' Productions.

Then "U. S. A." was promoted to his present office as confidential consultant to Thomas H. Ince and associate continuity on the super-dramas for release by the Associated Producers, Inc.

"Confidential consultant" covers a multitude of important duties, chief among which are the reading of books, novels and original stories passed upon by the Scenario department and relayed to Ince's office for his final word of acceptance or rejection. A producer is a busy man these days. It is almost impossible to read every manuscript placed before his personal attention. So Del Andrews passes his judgment. If the opinion is favorable the scenario goes to Ince himself, who, now as always, is the Court of Last Resort for the purchase of scripts, their adaptation, their production, and their final editing and assemblage.

Andrews assisted in the preparation of the continuity for the soon-to-be-released Ince-Vance special, "The Bronze Bell." A writer had completed the scenario, but it lacked certain vital touches. Up went Del's sleeves, the door was closed, and two weeks later a revised continuity, with Ince's personal okay was handed to Director James W. Horne.

The Ince protegee is by all odds the youngest consultant and continuity specialist in the picture business. Of but twenty-six summers, he has experienced more knocks, bumps and boosts than many men and women twice his age. He is of tall, slender build, with eyes that penetrate. He wears glasses, not because Nature was originally unkind to him, but rather because the strain of inspecting and editing hundreds of thousands of feet of film has weakened the optic nerves.

His hobbies are cigars and more cigars. He now smokes the same brand as "the boss," which probably accounts for the frequent cases of "borrowing" between the two. He goes in for physical culture seriously and habitually, holding record as the only man who ever "threw" "the boss" in a jiu-jitsu war at Ince's magnificent estate in Hollywood.

But jiu-jitsu was tame sport compared to riding "the boss's" pet broncho "Pauncho." said animal pushing Bill's "Pinto" to oblivion when it came to reckless roaming and riding amid the steep precipices of the canyon. "Pauncho" never had much regard for "Pinto," and it was Del's tough luck to try to ride him when the animal was in an "off" mood. Some survivors of the early Inceville period do say that "U. S. A." boiled from the soft degree to the medium, then, clear to the hard through "Pauncho's" steadfast unwillingness to "be reasonable" and settle down to business!

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SETON MUSIC COMPANY

920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 303, Chicago

"TO ERR IS HUMAN"

(Continued from page 41)

the same mistake is rarely, if ever, made twice.

"Incidentally, the Research Department is the place where we get most of our information regarding costumes and habits of people of different classes and nationality, from the Zulus to Queen Mary of England, data on period design furniture, the kind of clothes Caesar wore, how milk bottles are manufactured, etc. In fact, all available information on every subject under the sun.

"The matter of a quick change of clothing by an actor in a motion picture is easily explained. Very often a set of one room will be built and all the action supposed to happen in that room will be filmed. If, for any reason, the director decides to call it a day, the actors are told to report for duty the next morning. The next morning might see an actor completing his march from one room to another and, if he is not wearing the same clothes, it will look as if he had made a complete change of costume while crossing the threshold.

"In instances of this sort the actor himself, in some film companies, is asked to remember the clothes he wore. But the difficulty of this can be imagined when an actor has to wear as many as a dozen different suits of clothes in as many different scenes.

"The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation recently engaged a young lady for this special work. After each scene is completed this young lady checks up the articles of clothing worn by each actor, together with the number of the scenes in which the actor has appeared wearing those clothes. Now, before an actor can go in front of the camera at this studio he must first get an O. K. on the suit or dress he or she is wearing.

"But the assistant director is still entrusted with the supervision of all these details. And I suppose that as long as there are careless assistant directors there will be 'bad breaks' in the movies. But it is the dream of every good assistant director to participate in the making of perfect pictures. By 'perfect pictures' I mean pictures in which all details are correct. And I believe that the time will soon be here when a movie fan can go to his favorite theatre, sit back in his seat and enjoy the show without being jarred into writing a letter to the producer asking him why Beautiful Beatrice is able to wear silk stockings while her family is starving and she is out of a job!"

A SON OF A GUNMAN

(Continued from page 11)

she knew the minute he came on, that he was the villain. That's because of his evil eye."

"That's a lie! My father's eyes are all right. He plays villains 'cause he can ride and shoot faster'n anybody else."

"Hub! He always gets caught by the sheriff."

"He does not."

"He does, too."

"Well, anyway, he don't have to get caught, only the picture says he has to, so the other feller can get the girl. My father can ride awful fast."

"Don't believe it."

"Well, he can, too. He won the polo match last week, and I know 'cause I was there and saw him, Smarty!"

And if the neighbor's boy doesn't think up some excuse for going home after that, we suppose Sonny will tell him all the glorious details. So that's that!

And there is a way out for the adoring wife, too. She may not enjoy seeing her husband always in the movies 'cause villain roles do not appeal to her, and polo may not interest her, but he has still another hobby

which just suits her. That is his love for cameos. You see our villain is a versatile rascal. Most motion picture men take to diamonds or racing cars when they have to collect something, but Randall has a weakness for cameos. They aren't much practical use to a man, but a wife can do with several! He wears only one big black one, himself, as big as a quarter of a dollar, on his little finger. He wouldn't tell us where it came from, nor how the beautiful cameo lady got her nose broken. Maybe it was in a polo game. Anyway when we asked why the mutilation to the fair one's nose, he laughed loudly.

The last story Mr. Randall told us about himself was one which explained—to our amateur psychology at least—the source of the man's independence of mind, telling us why it was he could go on playing villains while the whole world demands heroes. He learned as a little boy not to take other people's opinions but to think things out for himself; if he likes being a villain, it doesn't matter to him whether the world smiles with him or not—and he wouldn't worry much even if he had to weep alone. In other words, he has the courage of his convictions.

This began one day when he was a very little boy, and on a day when all the little boys of his acquaintance were fasting for a religious holiday. Little "Barney" thought that he would like to fast, too. He got along very well without his supper, having fortified himself with a special noonday dinner, but about nine o'clock at night he was walking with his father, and they came to a very fine orchard which belonged to a man who was very fond of boys and had invited the youngsters to help themselves. As he passed this orchard young Barney's interest in his religious fast suddenly cooled.

"Gee, I wish I didn't have to fast," he said.

"Why do you?" his father asked.

"Why—why—everybody 'does," the boy stammered.

"That's not a worthy reason," his father answered.

"Religious rites are for those who understand their meaning. It does you no good to follow a custom blindly. I advise you to wait until you are old enough to study religious books, and decide these things for yourself. Then if you want to fast you will do it for a worthy reason."

"And with that," concluded our villain, "I was over the wall, filling my pockets with apples. I took up my father's advice and left religion until I was grown up. Then I decided that rites and ceremonies were still too complicated for me to understand and I'm leaving it until I get still older. In the meantime the Golden Rule saves time and answers every purpose as far as I can see."

What a nice villain!

OVER THE WIRE

(Continued from page 40)

and I the other. After a decent interval you may get a divorce if you so desire." With this he departed, leaving her to ponder his words alone.

But Swyford was not so easy to get rid of. Some days later he sent a note to Kathleen by a prudent messenger. When it was delivered to her she immediately recognized the initials on the envelope. She looked at it with a smile. Her outlook had changed somewhat since she had last seen Swyford. Without opening the note she replaced it in another envelope, and told the messenger to return it. As the man left the house, Grannan caught sight of him and, recognizing one of his rival's servants, he accosted him.

"Whom do you wish to see?"

"I have seen madam," the man replied.

Grannan saw the note in his hand.

"I'll take charge of that."

The man handed over the note without any difficulty. With it in his pocket he went to his wife's room.

"I forbid you to communicate with Swyford," he told her. "If you do I shall have to put a closer watch over you."

"I have not been communicating with him. He sent me a note and I was returning it unopened."

"Very well. I am sorry for my hastiness."

He tossed the note down on the table. It was left lying there until, with the natural curiosity of a woman, Kathleen opened it and read the contents. It contained an urgent appeal to assist Swyford to raise enough money for another effort to catch her husband on the steel market. It also stated that he would call secretly the next day to get her answer. In alarm she laid the opened letter on the table again, and there it remained until Swyford turned up the following day.

"For God's sake go, Jim. It is terribly risky for you to be here. If John finds you he will kill you."

"I will not stay long," he replied with a hurried look around.

"I just want to be sure of your help before I make another attempt to ruin Grannan."

"I will not take any further part in any plot to ruin my husband," she said decisively. "My eyes are open now, and I can see that he was no more to blame for Terry's death than you or me. In fact, I am convinced that he did more to help my brother than I ever did in helping him indulge in his follies."

"You love him?" demanded Swyford incredulously.

"Yes, I love him," she replied defiantly. "Please, Jim, for my sake, don't let him find you here."

"Listen, Kathleen. This only makes me the more determined to finish him, and, by God, if I can't get him one way I can another."

Kathleen was in a quandary. The time was approaching for John to make his usual daily visit. She could not think of any means to get rid of Swyford in his present mood. Yes, she could hear John's footsteps in the corridor. Almost roughly she dragged the reluctant intruder to the window draperies and pushed him behind them. A moment later her husband entered the room. He did not seem to notice her perturbed expression. He walked over to the table and picked up Swyford's opened letter. He laughed aloud.

"Why, the poor fool,—he couldn't win with all the money in the world. I have got him where I want him, and—I am going to crush him."

For a moment her admiration of this big man, with his wonderful confidence in his own powers obliterated the crisis she felt impending. But only for a moment. From the corner of her eye she caught sight of a slight movement behind the draperies. Quietly she opened a small drawer in the table. Suddenly she whipped out a revolver and fired. Grannan, turning swiftly, saw Swyford stumble forward grasping his right hand, in which he limply held a revolver. The two men faced each other. Swyford attempted to say something, but evidently thought better of it and stumbled from the room.

"You will never have a better opportunity to realize your revenge," said Grannan, glancing significantly at the weapon she held in her hand.

"John,—I—Do not think I want any revenge."

He looked at her in surprise. He could not credit this sudden change. He loved her, loved her dearly. He was ready to grasp at any straw in his belief that she loved him. A hope began to dawn in this big man's breast. Could it be possible that—that—

He gathered her unresisting into his arms. "I—I—find that I—love you, John," she managed to gasp between kisses.

REMOVE YOUR WRINKLES

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This clever woman has perfected a method simple and yet "marvelous" in the opinion of hundreds of sister women, and the result has brought a wonderful change in her facial charm. "In a single night," says Helen Clare, "I have sensed the working of my method, and for removing wrinkles and developing the form, reports from nearly every state in the Union are even more pronounced than my own—and rapid."

In an interview Helen Clare said: "I made myself the woman that I am today. I brought about the wonderful change in my own appearance, and there are hundreds of my friends who know how I did it (in a secret, pleasant, quiet, yet harmless manner). My complexion today is as clear and fair as that of a child. My figure, formerly almost scrawny, I have developed into a beautiful bust and well developed form. Thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, so poor they could scarcely be seen, have become long, thick and luxuriant; and by my own method." Referring to pimples, blackheads and superfluous hair, Helen Clare continued: "I banished mine in my own way and by my own method, using nothing but my own simple home treatment, which any other woman can now have the personal benefit of and do as well as I have done 'if'—

—'if'—they will only make the effort and have even a little, teeny bit of faith in themselves as well as in me." Hundreds of women are so delighted with the results from Helen Clare's methods that they write her personally the most enthusiastic letters. Here are extracts from just two:

"Thank you for what your Beauty Treatment has done for me. It has cleared my face of blackheads and pimples. My complexion is as smooth as a child's now. It will do all you claim."

"And your method for removing wrinkles is wonderful—removed every wrinkle from my face."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women. All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free, about her various beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

- How to remove wrinkles;
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- How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
- How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
- How to remove double chin;
- How to build up sunken cheeks;
- How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
- How to stop perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A741 3311 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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MARY PICKFORD'S GREATEST LOVE

By HERBERT HOWE
IN SEPTEMBER FILMPLAY

DO YOU WANT TO GO INTO PICTURES?

(Continued from page 33)

and because I believe that people who read magazines must, for the most part, be of average intelligence, I shall speak as I would to a bunch of college fellows looking about for careers.

To these I say—Consider the motion picture. But—consider it as a business, a legitimate business, just as law and medicine and electrical engineering.

Expect to study for it and to serve an apprenticeship in it just as you do in any of these other businesses.

Never mind your beauty, if you be a male; beauty has very little to do with a man's success in pictures. It has considerable to do with a girl's success because it is the easiest passport into a studio. It won't keep her there, but it may open the gates. But what woman is there who does not think she possesses some beauty? And, as the politicians and poets say—God bless her, she does!

In my series of articles for FILMPLAY JOURNAL I intend to take up the different qualities which are desirable for one contemplating a career in pictures. I am going to tell to the best of my knowledge the ways and means of entering the studio portals, once the mind is made up. I will endeavor to show what the various departments of the industry offer for ambitious workers. And in so doing I'll relate the experiences not only of myself but of several other people who have found a way to success in the world's fourth greatest industry.

I shall tell you of the greatest success of all—Mary Pickford's. Miss Pickford appeared in nine pictures under my direction when she was earning five hundred to two thousand a week.

I shall tell you of a boy who started recently and who is now playing very small parts. He appears with me in "A Wise Fool" and in "The Great Impersonation," both to be released soon.

And, of course, I shall tell you of my own experiences as an actor starting with D. W. Griffith years ago and later as a director for several years. Because one knows his own personal experiences and struggles so much better than another's he can speak to so much more advantage. The best way to learn is by your own experiences. The next best way to learn is by the other fellow's experiences. In these articles I will present the other fellow's for your guidance.

(Mr. Kirkwood's next article will appear in the September issue of FILMPLAY JOURNAL. It treats in an entertaining and instructive way of the greatest requisite for screen success.—The Editor.)

A TRIP TO PARADISE—

(Continued from page 21)

girl they had in mind to play opposite this star was to be a composite of every attractive feminine quality, sweet and lovable, yet independent with the sturdiness of our own generation. Like the great Roman warrior, Virginia Valli came, saw and conquered! And the result was a contract to do several pictures in succession opposite Bert Lytell, a mark of distinction never before accorded to any of the screen's leading women.

She is like a many-pointed star whose composite effect on the beholder is most pleasant and whose pleasure-giving quality is heightened by the attractiveness of each individual point, still further enhanced by the variety and contrast they possess.

Yet this contrast is readily understandable when you realize that it is just this ability to change from one to the other that makes for the continuous sincerity of her film portrayals.

Regardless of the character of her part, she makes it real and convincing to the beholder. That's genuine ability—and Virginia Valli possesses it.

To this genuine ability—call it talent if you will—she adds a beauty, a charm of personality and a determination to get ahead in her chosen profession that explains the success of her career. Her outdoor sports keep her in that fine physical and mental fettle which is indispensable to any one who is rapidly forging ahead. And Virginia Valli is living true to twin mottoes: "Mens sana in corpore sano" (which means "a sound mind in a sound body") and "Excelsior."

IT'S PERSONALITY, M' DEAR

(Continued from page 47)

magnetism and—she has intelligence.

"To proceed," she went on in quite a judicial manner, "answering your question—by developing her mental qualities, discovering what talents she has and improving them to the limit of her opportunities. And she can make opportunities, too. A great many women, who became mothers even at an early age, immediately retire into what Grover Cleveland called 'innocuous desuetude' and devote their lives thenceforth to their offspring. But why? Each child has its own individual life to live—why should the mother sacrifice hers? Again, a woman may try desperately to retain her physical attractiveness and this is all very well, though some I feel carry it to extreme. But she probably forgets all about her mind. She hasn't learned to play or sing or paint or write or anything that could render her attractive long after the snows of winter have begun to settle in her hair. Yet you and I both know many women who are charming and with whom we love to talk, who have neither youth nor beauty in the mere physical sense. However, it is an admitted fact that mental qualities do develop even physical attractiveness and a woman of forty or more may be as charming as the girl of twenty."

"Just for these reasons, I am taking up my French again, dancing and I am even trying to learn to write. I drive along in my car and I try to develop little ideas that are pleasing and when I get home I put them down on paper. They are no doubt the tritest of thoughts, possibly expressed more or less clumsily, but I feel that in time I shall have achieved some skill in this direction. You know Robert Louis Stevenson said 'the only way to learn to write is—to write!'"

"And do you aspire to become a writer?"

"Not necessarily, but if I have any latent talent in that respect I want to develop it. I don't want anything to be wasted. When I have passed the meridian I want people to like me and seek my society—not for what I may have been, but for what I am. I want something to depend upon, that will not fade as the flowers wither."

"Cleopatra, you know, was forty or more when she was exercising her charms to the greatest extent. Was it all beauty? It has been claimed by some that she was not so perfect in this respect as we would imagine, but that her mental qualities, even if evilly directed, were such as to command respect, if not admiration."

"Beauty is only skin deep," says the old adage. And there is more truth than poetry in it."

Of course, Gloria Swanson does not have to worry about it for a long time to come. She is young, she is lovely—but I felt somehow gratified in realizing that she appreciates the ephemeral quality of beauty and seeks beyond that for the things that will make her attractive and sought-after when she has lost the first lustre of youth and comeliness.

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**The STOCKMAN'S
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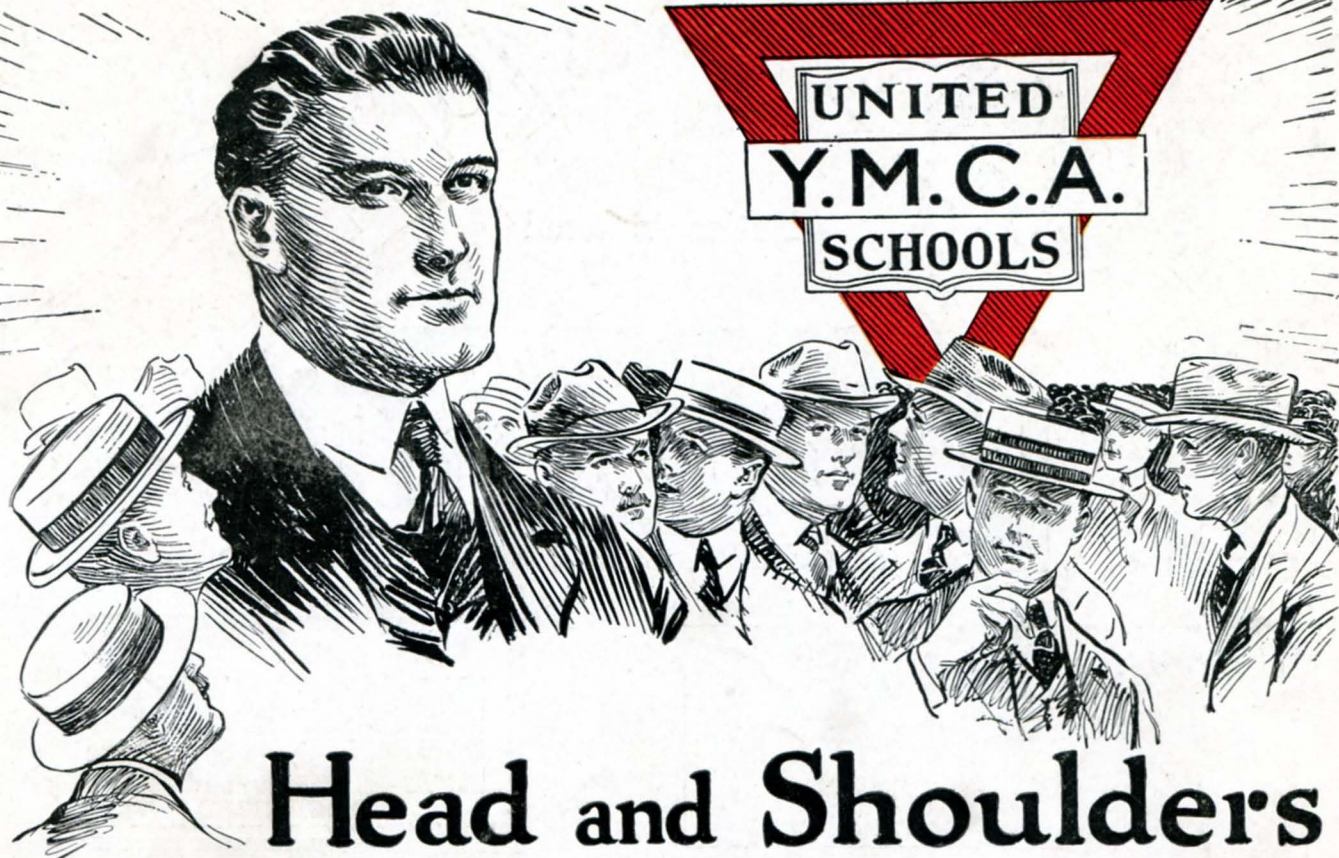
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